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# ADVENTURES INTO THE

NO. 11  
JUNE-JULY

# UNKNOWN!

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# MARRIAGE of DEATH

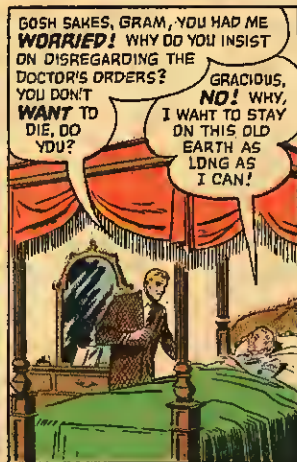


**DEATH** -- the one grim, final reality that must come to us all! What **IS** death? A thing--or a **PERSON**? Read the gripping answer here -- in a tense and challenging story from out of the **UNKNOWN** itself!



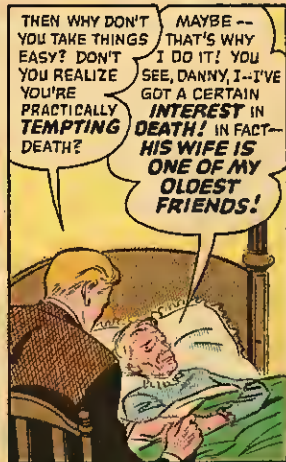
I CAME OVER AS SOON AS I HEARD, DR. RYAN! HOW **IS** MY GRANDMOTHER?

JUST A SLIGHT HEART ATTACK, DAN -- BUT SHE BROUGHT IT ON HERSELF! WHY SHE INSISTS ON LEAVING THAT WHEEL CHAIR WITH SERVANTS TO DO HER BIDDING, I'LL **NEVER** KNOW!



GOSH SAKES, GRAM, YOU HAD ME **WORRIED!** WHY DO YOU INSIST ON DISREGARDING THE DOCTOR'S ORDERS? YOU DON'T **WANT** TO DIE, DO YOU?

GRACIOUS, **NO!** WHY, I WANT TO STAY ON THIS OLD EARTH AS LONG AS I CAN!



THEN WHY DON'T YOU TAKE THINGS EASY? DON'T YOU REALIZE YOU'RE PRACTICALLY **TEMPTING** DEATH?

MAYBE -- THAT'S WHY I DO IT! YOU SEE, DANNY, I--I'VE GOT A CERTAIN **INTEREST** IN **DEATH!** IN FACT--HIS WIFE IS ONE OF MY **OLDEST** FRIENDS!





WHAT! I--I'D BETTER GET THE DOCTOR AGAIN-- YOU'RE **DELIRIOUS!**

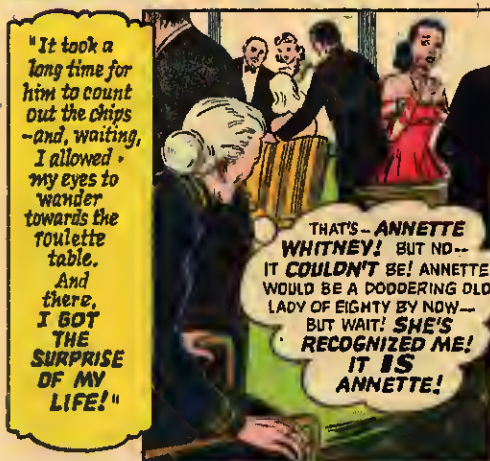
DON'T WORRY-- MY MIND'S SOUND ENOUGH! BUT PERHAPS I'D BETTER TELL YOU THE WHOLE STORY, SO YOU CAN JUDGE FOR YOURSELF! IT ALL STARTED TEN YEARS AGO-- ON MY LAST TRIP TO THE RIVIERA--

"An old lady needs **SOME** excitement--so it was my usual custom to play Baccarat at the Casino for an hour or two before retiring--"



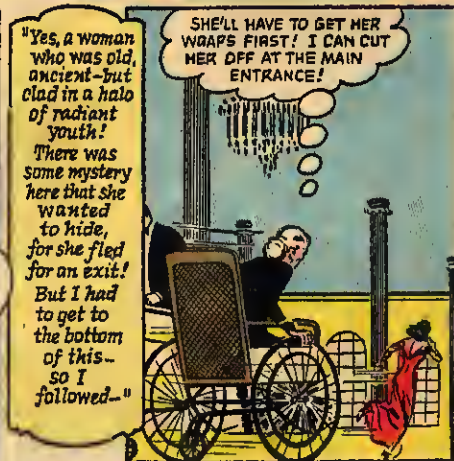
THIRTY THOUSAND FRANCES WORTH OF CHIPS, PLEASE!

OUI, MADAME!



"It took a long time for him to count out the chips--and, waiting, I allowed my eyes to wander towards the roulette table. And there, I GOT THE SURPRISE OF MY LIFE!"

THAT'S-- ANNETTE WHITNEY! BUT NO-- IT COULDN'T BE! ANNETTE WOULD BE A DODDERING OLD LADY OF EIGHTY BY NOW-- BUT WAIT! SHE'S RECOGNIZED ME! IT IS ANNETTE!



"Yes, a woman who was old, ancient--but clad in a halo of radiant youth!"

There was some mystery here that she wanted to hide, for she fled for an exit! But I had to get to the bottom of this--so I followed--"

SHE'LL HAVE TO GET HER WHIPS FIRST! I CAN CUT HER OFF AT THE MAIN ENTRANCE!

"I wasn't a moment too soon! It took all my control to make my voice calm --"

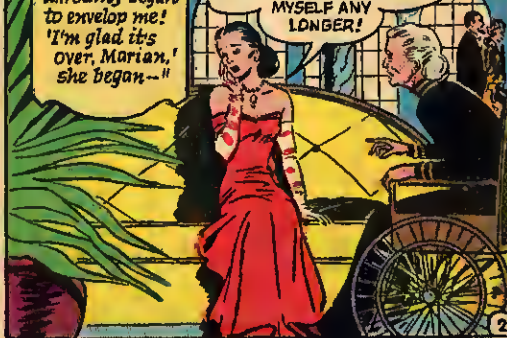
WHY, ANNETTE! IS THIS ANY WAY TO TREAT AN OLD FRIEND?

YOU MUST BE MISTAKEN, MADAME! I'M NOT-- OH, WHAT'S THE USE! YES, I'M ANNETTE-- AND IT'LL DO ME GOOD TO TELL SOMEONE MY STORY-- THE STRANGEST OF ALL TIME!



"Even before she started to speak, a feeling of dreamlike unreality began to envelop me! 'I'm glad it's over, Marian,' she began--"

FOR YEARS I'VE LIVED IN DREAD OF MEETING SOMEONE I KNEW, FOR FEAR MY SECRET WOULD BE REVEALED! IT'S **UNBELIEVABLE--** AND I-- I CAN'T KEEP IT TO MYSELF ANY LONGER!



"It began in Switzerland-- almost sixty years ago! My parents had sent me to a sanitarium there to regain my health--but it was useless! I still remember my feeling of despair when the doctor said--"

YOU'RE FREE TO LEAVE, MISS WHITNEY-- WE'VE DONE ALL WE COULD FOR YOU! YOU HAVE A YEAR, MAYBE A LITTLE MORE, TO LOOK FORWARD TO-- AND THEN --

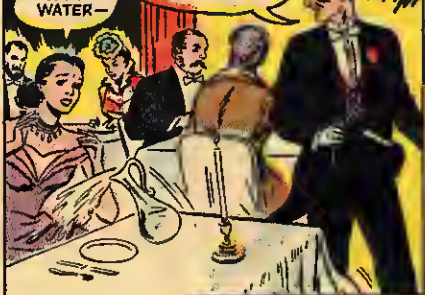
I SEE -- THANK YOU, DOCTOR-- I KNOW YOU'VE TRIED!



"I was determined to live that last year to the fullest! I picked Paris for my life's last fling-- and there--in the gayest cafe-- I met HIM!"

OH! YOU'VE SPILLED THAT WATER--

MA'MSELLE -- IT IS YOU! AFTER ALL THESE YEARS -- I'VE MET YOU AT LAST!



I--I MEAN, PARDON ME, MA'MSELLE! IT WAS CLUMSY OF ME! I'M **PIERRE LE MORT!** MAY I JOIN YOU-- AND MAKE A MORE SUITABLE APOLOGY?

IT WAS NOTHING, REALLY! AND IF YOU'D CARE TO SIT DOWN --



"Time passed--we fell madly in love! Wonderful, exciting days-- then suddenly, his strange behavior began!"

PIERRE, ISN'T PARIS BEAUTIFUL IN THE SPRING? IT'S SO -- **PIERRE!** WHERE ARE YOU GOING? **COME BACK!**



"It happened many times--these strange, unexplained departures! And he'd remain silent when he returned, offering no apology, no answers to my questions! Finally, one day --"

HE'S LEAVING ME -- **AGAIN!** I CAN'T STAND IT ANY LONGER -- **I'M GOING TO FOLLOW HIM!** I'VE GOT TO KNOW **WHY** HE DOES THIS. **WHERE** HE GOES!



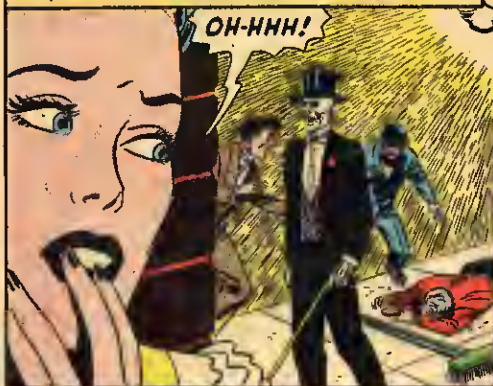
"He didn't see me as I followed, close behind! Suddenly he stepped from the curb, touched an old street sweeper on the shoulder --"

IT'S TIME TO GO NOW, JACQUES! **ARRGH!**





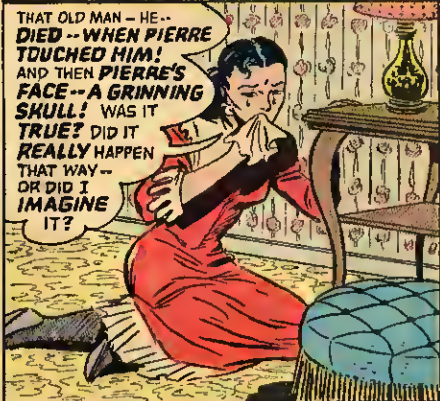
"The old man was -- **DEAD!** Pierre turned to leave, and I caught a glimpse of his face. Lord help me, it wasn't a face! **IT WAS ---**"



OH-HHH!

"Horror-stricken, I fled to my hotel! **COULD I BELIEVE WHAT I HAD SEEN?**"

THAT OLD MAN -- HE -- **DIED -- WHEN PIERRE TOUCHED HIM!** AND THEN **PIERRE'S FACE -- A GRINNING SKULL!** WAS IT TRUE? DID IT REALLY HAPPEN THAT WAY -- OR DID I IMAGINE IT?



"That was it -- **IMAGINATION** -- brought on, perhaps, by my illness! I never mentioned it to Pierre -- and it was shortly after that that we were married!"

CONGRATULATIONS TO YOU, MADAME, AND THE SAME TO **YOU**, MONSIEUR -- WHY, WHERE IS HE? HE'S GONE -- **DISAPPEARED!**



"He never came back! I waited -- and gradually, the feeling that I was involved in some monstrous, horrible situation settled over me!"

I NEVER REALIZED IT BEFORE -- BUT I KNOW PRACTICALLY **NOTHING** ABOUT HIM! WHERE DID HE COME FROM? HOW DOES HE EARN HIS LIVING? **WHO -- WHO HAVE I MARRIED?**

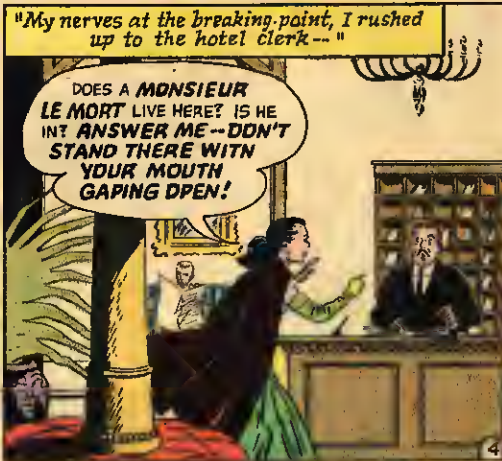


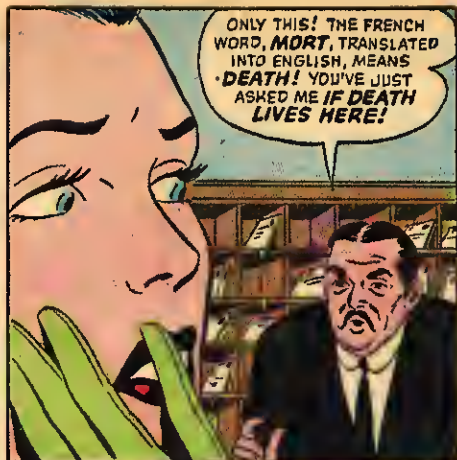
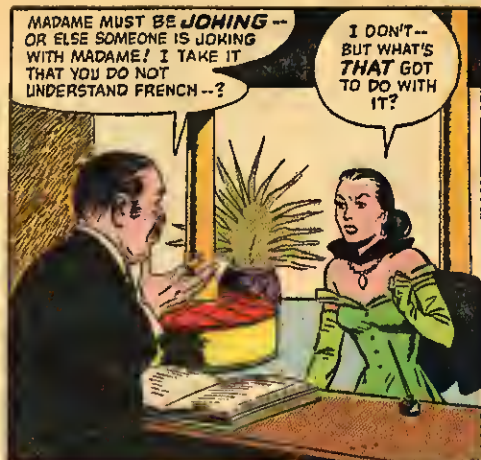
I ONCE ASKED HIM WHERE HE LIVED AND HE SAID -- HE SAID THE **VENDOME!** YES, THAT'S IT -- THE VENDOME HOTEL! I'LL GO **THERE!**



"My nerves at the breaking-point, I rushed up to the hotel clerk --"

DOES A **MONSIEUR LE MORT** LIVE HERE? IS HE IN? **ANSWER ME -- DON'T STAND THERE WITH YOUR MOUTH GAPING OPEN!**

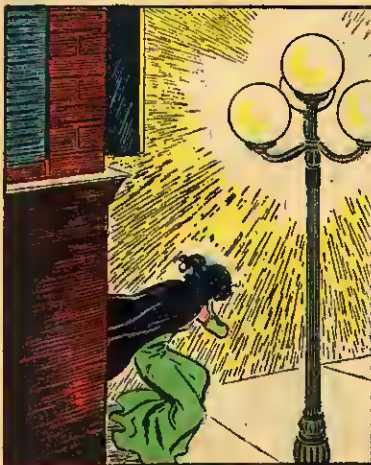




"The awful words struck at my heart with a shock that my weakened physique could not withstand! I reeled from the hotel..."

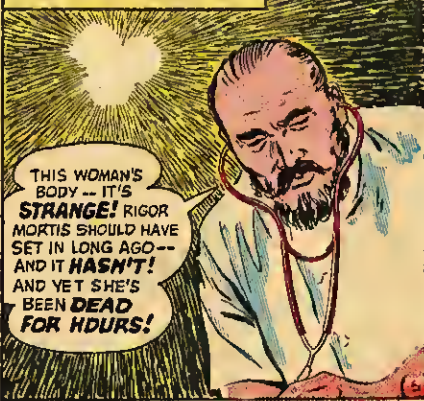


"Suddenly, the street spun dizzily, and wracking pain seared me! This was what my doctors had warned against! This was -- **THE END!**"

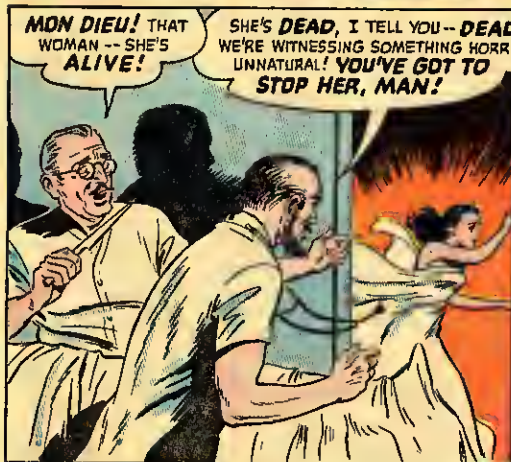
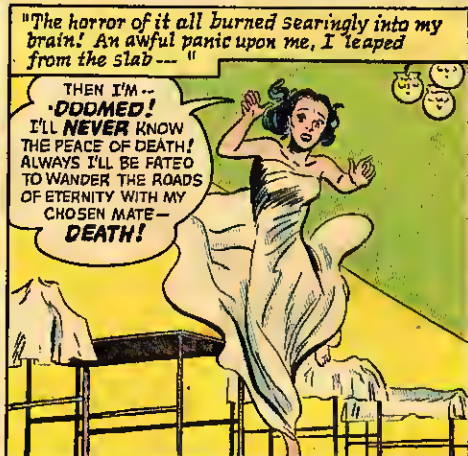
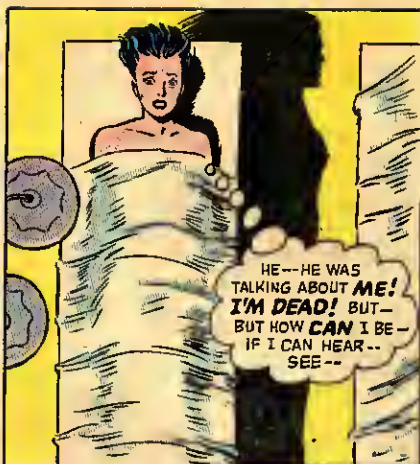
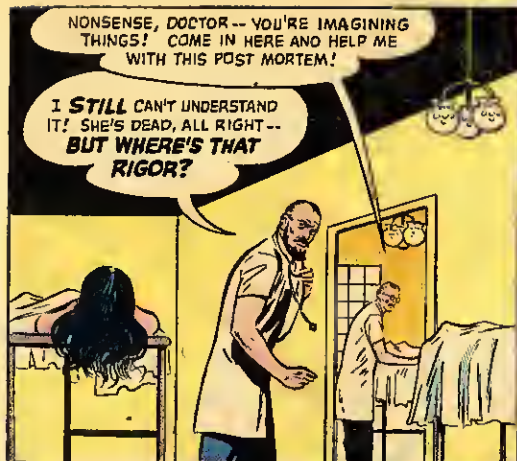


"I was going down, **DOWN** -- tumbling through the awful depths from which there was no return! My last thought was for my loved one, Pierre -- if only I could have seen him once more, while I still lived! Then -- **DARKNESS!**"

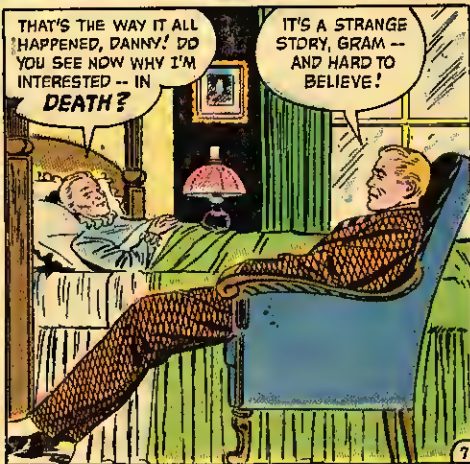
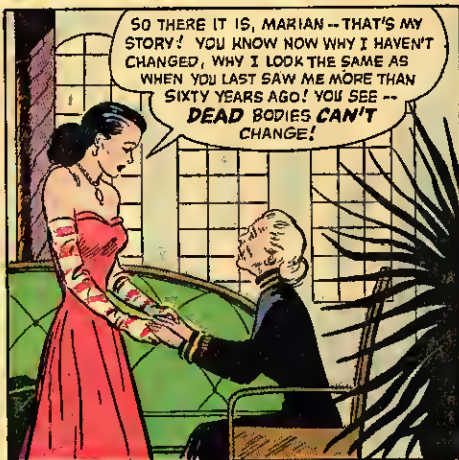
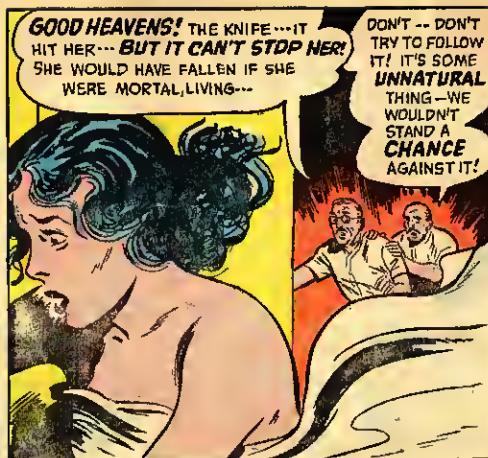
"Was this -- **DEATH**? Then why, long after, did I have the power of thought -- of **HEARING**? And the words I heard --"



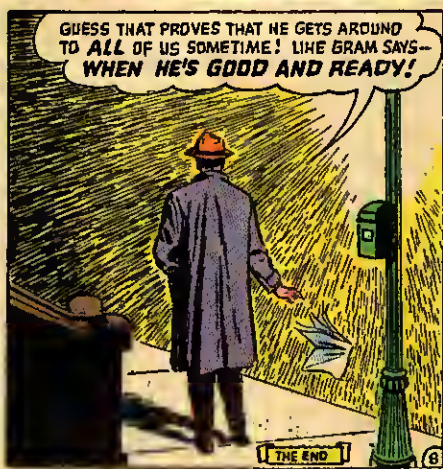
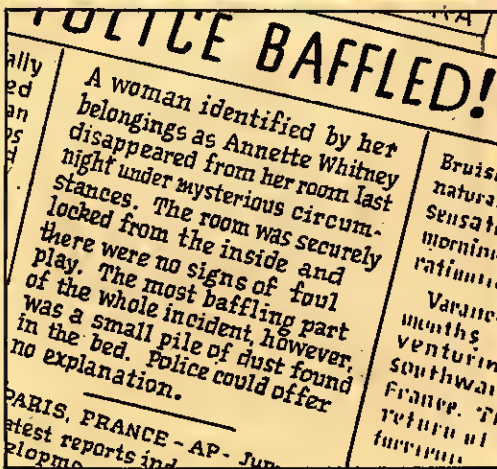
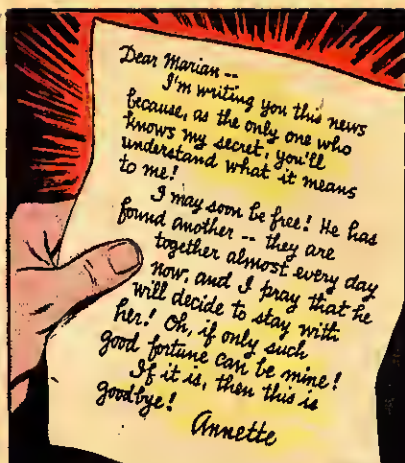
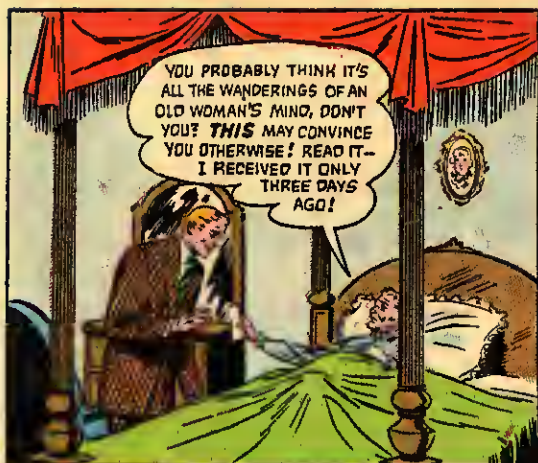














# "U.S. ROYAL"

WITH HIS  
JET-PROPELLED BIKE



"LASSOING  
THE LION"



CIRCUS-TIME  
AGAIN, FELLAS!  
LOOK AT THE  
SIZE OF THAT  
ELEPHANT!

I'M GLAD THOSE  
BARS ARE BETWEEN  
ME AND THAT LION  
THERE... HE SURE IS  
HUNGRY-LOOKING!

DEPUTY U.S. ROYAL AND THE  
BIKE CLUB BOYS ARE ABOUT  
TO MOVE ON, WHEN SUDDENLY...

GET THE TRAINER...  
THEN FOLLOW ME, BOYS!

ROYAL JETS OFF AFTER  
THE ESCAPED LION...

HE'S HEADING FOR THE  
ORPHANAGE WALL! GOTTA  
HEAD HIM OFF BEFORE  
HE GETS INSIDE!

THE HUNGRY BEAST CROUCHES FOR THE SPRING!

... BUT ROYAL'S LASSO HITS ITS MARK... AND  
MR. LION IS LEFT CLAWING THE AIR!

AND SOON...

I SHUDDER TO THINK  
WHAT MIGHT HAVE  
HAPPENED IF YOU  
HADN'T GOTTEN TO  
THAT LION  
IN TIME!

I'M MIGHTY GLAD  
I WAS RIDING ON  
U.S. ROYALS... THEY  
ALWAYS SAVE TIME!

...AND THIS  
TIME THEY  
SAVED LIVES!

BOYS, WHEN YOU'RE RIDING ON U.S.  
ROYAL BIKE TIRES, YOU CAN BE  
SURE YOUR WHEELS ARE EQUIPPED  
FOR SPEED PLUS SAFETY! DON'T  
TAKE CHANCES... GET THE TIRE  
WITH THE BUILT-IN SKID CHAIN!



"AT TOP SPEED, WHEN TOP CONTROL  
COUNTS, YOU CAN COUNT ON U.S.  
ROYALS, WITH THEIR BUILT-IN SKID  
CHAIN!"... SAYS U.S. ROYAL.

IF YOU WANT TO GET THE MOST WEAR  
OUT OF A TIRE, GET THE TIRE WITH  
THE MOST WEAR BUILT INTO IT... GET  
U.S. ROYAL BIKE TIRES, WITH THAT  
BUILT-IN SKID CHAIN.

## U.S. ROYAL BIKE TIRES



Products of  
UNITED STATES RUBBER COMPANY



# The LETTER

PROFESSOR Howard Blake opened the letter he had just received from his old friend, Dr. Montague, and began reading:

"Dear Howard

I am writing this to you because you are the only one who will believe me—and the only one who can take steps to eradicate the awful thing that has been let loose upon the earth. And Howard, I am not exaggerating when I say *awful*, for all of earth is threatened by an immensely powerful and incredibly evil *thing*—but let me start from the beginning.

It all started last week. As you know, not many people come to my astronomical observatory, because of its high altitude and isolation, situated as it is high in the Rockies. And so I was surprised when a lone prospector visited me, bringing a strange cylindrical object that he said had flashed down from the heavens and buried itself near his mining shack. He abruptly deposited it in front of my feet and hastily departed, as if he actually *feared* the thing. Upon examination, it proved to be curiously light for an object of its size, and all efforts to open it or crack its strangely resilient shell were fruitless.

The mystery of the cylinder grew as I unsuccessfully tried to determine its nature or origin. I finally gave up, resolved to conduct more extensive tests on it in the morning.

But that night, I awoke with an eerie feeling of a strange presence in my room. I flipped on the light—and instantly, a swirling, greenish, slimy *thing* enveloped me. For a moment, I was paralyzed by the sheer horror of its ghoulish touch—and then I found I was paralyzed. Creep-

ing tentacles of slime had penetrated my skin and reached my nerves, rendering me utterly helpless. And then, when the tentacles reached my brain and the thing began projecting thoughts into my mind, I had a glimpse of the most fiendishly evil intelligence in the entire universe!

The thing 'told' me not to resist its probings of my brain; that it had come from a far-off star after conquering world after world, and that after it had sucked my brain dry of every scrap of knowledge, it would know how to deal with *this* world—which was next on its schedule of conquest!

I tried resisting by blanking out my mind, but it was no use—and the next thing I knew, hours later, I was alone. I staggered to my feet, wondering why the thing had abandoned its victim. And then, as a lightning flash seared the heavens, I *knew* why—I knew its fatal weakness!

The storm is over now, and I must hurry and write down what I have discovered—so that you will know the secret of its weakness—and warn the whole world to be ready for its coming when it is through with me. I have locked the door of my room, but the thing may come upon me at any moment, may even cut me off in the middle of a sentence, so I will tell you right now that—"

"But . . . but the letter *ends* there!" exclaimed Professor Blake. "I don't understand it—if the *thing* did stop him from finishing the letter, how did he *mail* it? And how—?"

Professor Blake broke off and stared in horror as a swirling, slimy, greenish *thing* emerged from the envelope the letter had come in.

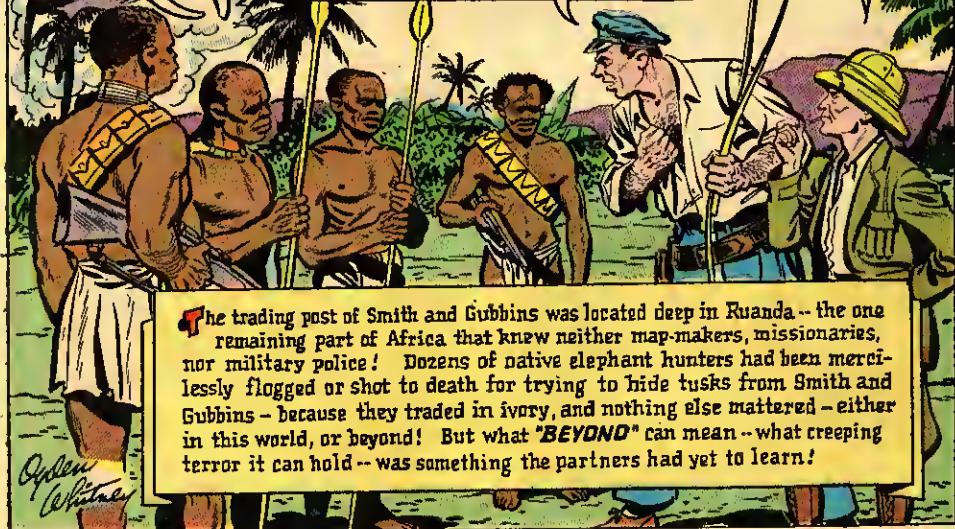


# REALM of the MIST GODS



NOW GET THIS! NO MATTER WHAT YOUR MUMBO-JUMBO MAGICIANS THINK -- I'M THE ONE WHO SAYS WHETHER YOU LIVE OR DIE! AND WHILE YOU LIVE, YOU HUNT -- AND WHILE YOU HUNT -- YOU CATCH IVORY FOR CONGO SMITH! THERE'S JUST ONE POWER IN RUANDA -- HERE!

YOU 'EARD 'IM! **START TRACKIN'!**



The trading post of Smith and Gubbins was located deep in Ruanda -- the one remaining part of Africa that knew neither map-makers, missionaries, nor military police! Dozens of native elephant hunters had been mercilessly flogged or shot to death for trying to hide tusks from Smith and Gubbins -- because they traded in ivory, and nothing else mattered -- either in this world, or beyond! But what "**BEYOND**" can mean -- what creeping terror it can hold -- was something the partners had yet to learn!

**POWER!** IN FISTS THAT COULD SHATTER COCONUTS -- POWER IN RHINOCEROS-HIDE WHIPS AND GLEAMING SIDE ARMS! BUT WAIT...

**HAAGN!** THERE'S THE KIND OF POWER THESE VERMIN UNDERSTAND, LIMEY!

AND HERE'S THE KIND THE WORLD UNDERSTANDS -- **IVORY!** HEAPS OF IT, CONGO -- TONS OF IT -- **AND MORE TO COME!**



AND IF NYOKO, THE WITCH DOCTOR, COULD LISTEN -- AND SOME SAY HE COULD ALWAYS LISTEN -- HE WOULD NOO SLOWLY IN THE BLUISH MURK OF HIS HUT! YES, THERE WAS MORE TO COME! A STRANGE, STRANGE POWER ... AND STRANGE, STRANGE IVORY ...

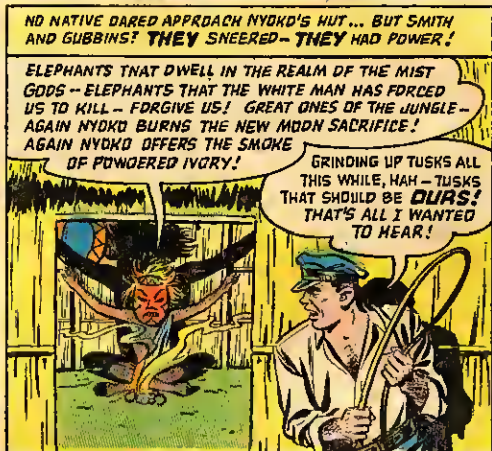
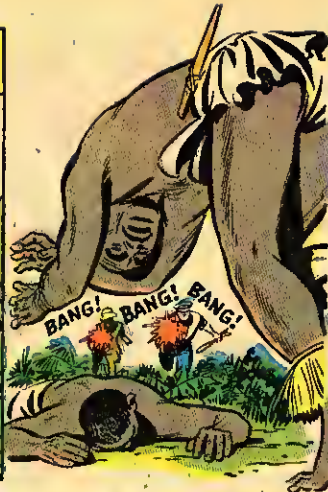


WAIT, CONGO! WAIT, LIMEY! IT STARTS HERE -- IN THIS MOMENT! ...

**BUZZARDS!** BLAST THEIR EYES, THERE'S BEEN A KILL MADE -- AND **NO IVORY REPORTED!**



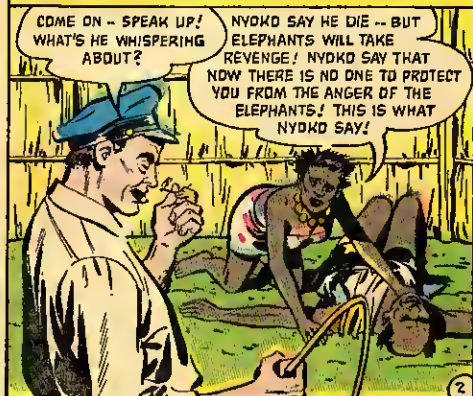




AGAIN AND AGAIN THE BLACK WHIP THUDDING DOWN -- AND THE SMOKE OF POWDERED IVORY SWIRLED OVER THE BATTERED FORM OF NYOKO...



AND WHEN CONGO'S ARM GREW TIRED -- AND THE SMOKE OF POWDERED IVORY HAD DRIFTED IN FAINT STRANDS THROUGH THE JUNGLE --





A MOMENT LATER-- LIKE THE FAR-OFF  
RUMBLE OF HIDDEN DRUMS--

**BOOM!  
BOOM!**

THUNDER!  
ABOUT TIME THIS  
BUSTERING DRY  
SEASON ENDED,  
LIMEY!

THAT'S  
NO BLEEDIN'  
THUNDER! IT'S  
GETTIN' LOUDER,  
THAT'S WOT-- THE  
JUNGLE'S SWAYIN'  
LIKE AN  
INCOMIN'  
WAVE!

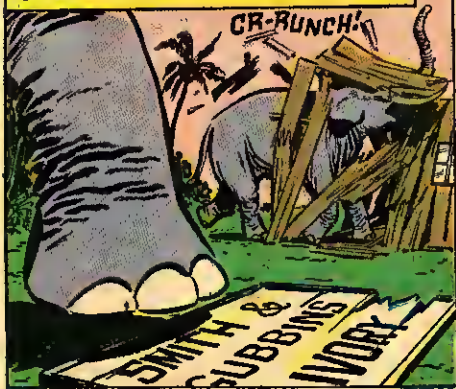
THEN -- THUDDING FROM THE BUSN --

**CRASH!**



NOT A SINGLE STRAW IN THE THATCHING OF THE  
NATIVE HUTS WAS STIRRED BY THE HEADLONG  
STAMPEDE -- BUT A MOMENT LATER --

**CR-BUNCH!**



AS THE TUSKERS WHEELED-- FADING INTO  
THE BLURRED MISTS OF THE JUNGLE --

WHY'D IT 'APPEN TO  
US, CONGO? AND  
WHY'D IT 'APPEN  
RIGHT AFTER WOT  
NYDKO SAID WHEN  
HE WAS DYIN'?

ALL RIGHT -- SUPPOSE THEY  
WERE THE ELEPHANTS NYDKO  
MENTIONED? THERE'S TONS OF  
IVORY IN THAT HERD! THIS TIME  
WE'LL GO AFTER IT OURSELVES--  
WITH REPEATING RIFLES!



AND BEFORE WE START-- YOU!  
WHERE'S THIS REALM OF  
THE MIST GOOS?

NO SAVVY,  
BUCKRA--NO  
SAVVY!

DON'T LIE, YOU  
VERMIN -- YOU'VE  
BEEN THERE!

NO, BUCKRA!  
NEVER--  
NEVER!

**WAK!**



YOU'LL TALK -- HEAR ME?  
BECAUSE IF ONE OF YOU DOESN'T  
TELL ME HOW TO GET THERE BY  
TONIGHT -- I'LL HAVE YOU  
WRITHING IN THE ASHES  
OF YOUR OWN HUTS!





**THAT NIGHT - WITH CONGO READY TO CARRY OUT HIS THREAT --**

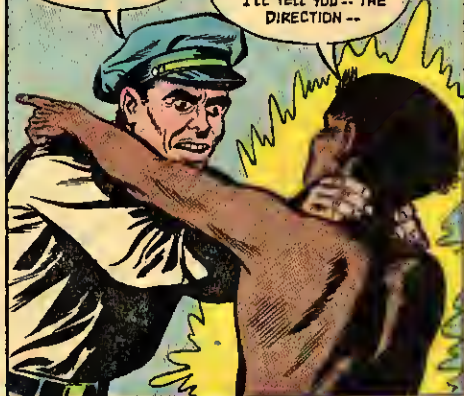
LOOKS LIKE A NATIVE WITH A LANTERN, CONGO -- BUT THEY NEVER GO OUT AFTER SUNSET! THEY'RE AFRAID TO!

I'VE GOT AN IDEA WHY THIS ONE'S OUT! HE'S TRACKING THAT ELEPHANT HERD -- AND HE WOULDN'T BOTHER DOING IT IF HE DIDN'T KNOW HOW TO REACH THE REALM OF THE MIST GODS!



WHERE IS IT? HOW FAR?

HOT FAR! FOR YOU, BUCKRA -- NOT FAR! I'LL TELL YOU -- THE DIRECTION --



THERE'S NOTHING CONGO SMITH CAN'T FIND OUT! WE'LL LEAVE NOW, LIMY -- SO WE CAN REACH THE ELEPHANTS BY DAWN!

THE REALM OF THE MIST GODS! IT IS WELL, NYOKD -- IT IS WELL!

ALL THAT NIGHT, CARRYING THEIR HEAVY ELEPHANT GUNS, CONGO AND LIMY PUSHED THROUGH A SULTRY DOMAIN OF SILENCE -- THE DARKNESS LIKE A FORMLESS BLACK THING THAT PROWLED BESIDE THEM...

WE NEEDN'T WASTE TIME BLAZING A TRAIL -- WE CAN GET A FIX WITH OUR COMPASSES AT DAWN!

BUT WHEN THE SUN ROSE -- SCREENED BY A THICK MATTING OF FOLIAGE --

CAN'T BE MUCH FURTHER! WE'LL KEEP HEADING NORTHEAST!

WOT! NOW LOOK HERE, CONGO -- NORTHEAST IS THAT WAY!



WHY'NT THEY JIBE, CONGO? WHY'RE THEY POINTIN' IN DIFFERENT DIRECTIONS? BLIMEY -- I DON'T LIKE THIS, I DON'T!

WHAT'S THE DIFFERENCE? SOONER OR LATER, WE'RE BOUND TO COME ACROSS SOMETHING THAT WILL LEAD US STRAIGHT BACK TO THE VILLAGE -- THE TRACKS OF THAT ELEPHANT HERD!



FOUR HOURS PASSED -- FOUR HOURS IN A WORLD IN WHICH NOTHING MOVED BUT THE MIST! MIST WITH THE FAINT ACRID TOUCH OF SMOKE -- THE SMOKE OF POWDERED INDRY!

NO TRACKS! NO BLEEDIN' TRACKS!

WE'LL FIND 'EM, I TELL YOU! SHUT UP!







BACK THERE, I MEAN, CONGO! THAT HERD STAMPED AND POUNDED THROUGH THE VILLAGE-- BUT DID YOU SEE ANY TRACKS? THAT'S WOT I WANT TO KNOW-- DID YOU?

WE'RE IN THE DRY SEASON-- THE GROUND WAS CAKED HARD! NOW STOP JABBERING --IT LOOKS LIKE OPEN COUNTRY AHEAD!

THEY REACHED IT SOON AFTERWARD-- A STRICHEN EXPANSE OF SUN AND SCRUB-- FRINGED BY HILLS THAT SEEMED LOST IN THE HAZE OF TIME!

OPEN COUNTRY, EH? WELL, YOU CAN TYKE IT -- I'M STICKIN' TO THE JUNGLE!

SHUT YOUR YAP! WE'RE GOING ACROSS-- TOGETHER!



TOGETHER -- BUT WITH EACH PANTING MINUTE, LIMEY AND CONGO GREW MORE DISTANT--FARTHER APART IN THE STRANGE RAMBLING OF THEIR FEVERED THOUGHTS!

WHAT'S HE GRINNING ABOUT? HE'S GOT SOMETHING ON HIS MIND --WNY DOESN'T HE COME OUT WITH IT?

**NO TRACKS!** THEY WEREN'T **REAL** ELEPHANTS, CONGO!



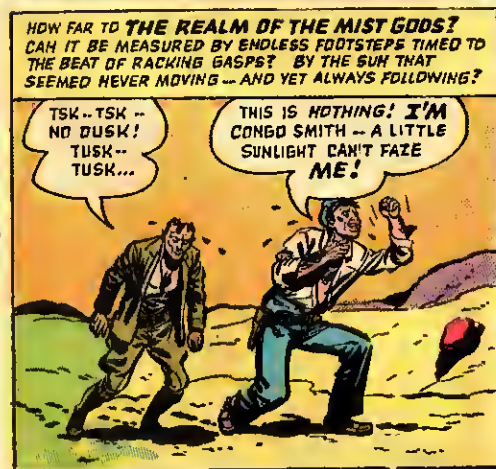
JUST KEEP IT UP, SEE? THAT'S THE WAY TO GET YOUR NECK TWISTED -- HEAR ME?

WOT D'YOU KNOW -- A TUSKER! A BLOOMIN' **BIG ONE!**



WHIRLING TOWARD THE SHADOW WITH HIS GUN RAISED, CONGO STOPPED SHORT -- A BIG MAN WITH BIG POWER -- AND A TINY TOUCH OF TERROR!

IT'S A HILL! THAT'S ALL --NOTHING BUT A HILL!



TSK--TSK -- NO DUSK! TUSK--TUSK...

THIS IS NOTHING! I'M CONGO SMITH -- A LITTLE SUNLIGHT CAN'T FAZE ME!



**MY EYES!** BRIMSTONE AND FIRE! I'M HALF-BLUNDED!





**SLOW -- SLOW!**

THESE SPOTS IN  
FRONT OF MY EYES  
MAKE IT DARK  
ENOUGH FOR  
A LANTERN!

**HEH. HEH!**

'E DIDN'T 'AVE  
A LANTERN!



**WHO  
DIDN'T?**

**THAT NATIVE WHO  
TOLD US THE WAY!**

'E 'AD A LIGHT  
AROUND 'IM -- BUT  
'E DIDN'T 'AVE A  
LANTERN! 'E SHONE,  
CONGO -- BY  
'IMSELF!



DON'T GIVE ME  
THAT KIND OF  
TALK! MY EYES --  
MY EYES -- IT'S  
GETTING  
DARKER!

BUT IT ISN'T YOUR  
EYES, CONGO! THE  
RAIN'S COMIN' -- AND  
LOOK WOT'S IN  
THE SKY!

CONGO LEAPED TO HIS FEET AS THE HUGE RAIN DROPS  
PELTED DOWN -- STARING AT AN UNMISTAKABLE  
CLOUD -- WITH AN UNMISTAKABLE SHAPE!



FIRST A MOUNTAIN -- AND  
NOW **THIS!** IT'S NOT THAT  
I **MIND** ELEPHANTS -- IF  
I COULD ONLY FORGET --

MYND?  
'E **KNEW**  
SOMETHING --  
DIDN'T 'E,  
CONGO?

SLOGGING THROUGH THE DOWNPOUR IN A DRIPPING  
WORLD OF LOST LAND MARKS, CONGO AND LIMEY  
REACHED A CAVE -- AND IN THE GREENISH GLARE  
OF A LIGHTNING BOLT --



THERE IT IS AGAIN --  
AN ELEPHANT'S SHAPE --  
AND I'M TOO TIRED TO  
CARE! IT'S SHELTER,  
LIMEY -- A PLACE TO  
REST!

NOT ME -- NOT ME --  
I'M NOT GOIN' IN!  
NOT A SIGN, NOT A TRACK  
OF AN ELEPHANT -- NOTHIN'  
BUT THINGS THAT **LOOK**  
LIKE ELEPHANTS!



BLAST YOU -- YOU'LL  
BE DRIVING **ME** CRAZY  
BEFORE LONG!  
**GET IN!**

THEN -- AS CONGO STOOD FOR THE BOOK THAT  
HAD FALLEN FROM LIMEY'S POCKET --



**GUIDE BOOK AND NATIVE LEXICON!**  
WHY, LIMEY -- THERE'S NO SENSE  
CARRYING ON LIKE THIS! WE  
CAN'T BE TOO FAR FROM NYASA --  
AND THIS LITTLE BOOK WILL  
TELL US HOW TO GET THERE!

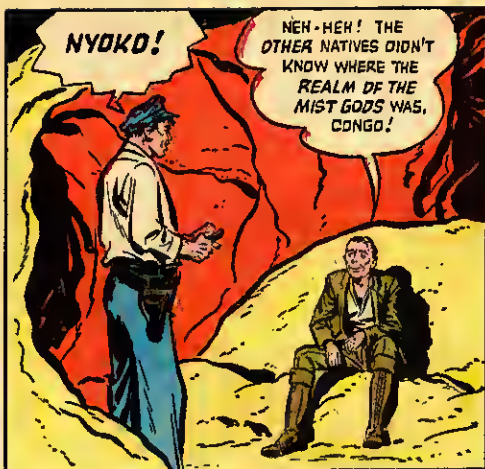
WOT GOOD'S  
A GUIDE  
BOOK? WE'VE  
**GOT** WHERE  
**WE'RE** GOIN'!  
WE'RE **HERE**,  
CONGO!



HOW MANY MILES TO NYASA? RUNNING HIS FINGER DOWN THE PAGE, CONGO PAUSED--HIS BLOODSHOT EYES FIXED ON AN UNEXPECTED ANSWER!

believed extinct...

**Ny-ók-o**... a name meaning "elephant king." Used by witch doctors with supposed control over the spirits of slain elephants....



**NYOKO!**

NEH-HEH! THE OTHER NATIVES DIDN'T KNOW WHERE THE REALM OF THE MIST GODS WAS, CONGO!



BUT WE FOUND OUT, DIDN'T WE? DIDN'T WE?

YES--FROM 'IM! 'E CAME BACK TO TELL US, CONGO! NO LIVING NATIVE COULD DO IT--AND 'E WANTED TO BE SURE WE'D GET HERE!

**SMACK!**



**STOP JABBERING! STOP-- YOU HEAR ME?**

**HA-HA!** THE REALM OF THE MIST GODS! EVERYONE GETS HERE SOONER OR LATER, CONGO-- BUT WE TOOK A BLOOMIN' SHORT CUT -- TO DEATH!



MIXED FEAR AND RAGE CAN BE A TERRIBLE THING IN A MAN LIKE CONGO-- A MAN WITH A FIST THAT CAN SHATTER COCONUTS!

MAYBE NOW YOU'LL QUIT, HAH?

**POW!**

**CRACK!**



AND IF NYOKO WERE HERE -- AND SOME SAY HE WAS ALWAYS HERE -- HE WOULD NOD SLOWLY...

YES. BUCKRA -- LIMEY GUBBINS HAS QUIT!

SAY SOMETHING, LIMEY--YOU KNOW I DIDN'T MEAN TO HIT YOU SO HARD! BUT HERE WE'VE BEEN LOST LORD KNOWS HOW LONG, MATEY -- AND THEN ON TOP OF IT, ALL THIS TALK-- ABOUT -- **DEATH!**



IT WAS EASIER TO HEAR THINGS, NOW THAT CONGO SMITH WAS ALONE... THE RAIN HISSED DOWN LIKE A CHORUS OF MUTED WHISPERS -- AND THE MORE CONGO LISTENED --

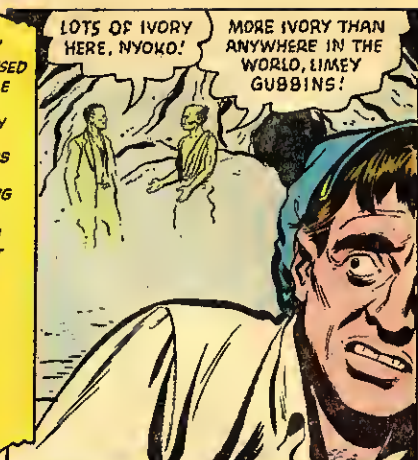
IT SOUNDS LIKE HIM! STILL TALKING CRAZY--TRYING TO GET ME THAT WAY!

YOU'RE THE MASTER, CONGO! WHIP THOSE RAIN DROPS! SHOOT THAT LIGHTNING! YOU'VE GOT THE POWER!



THE LITTLE WEASEL -- THINKS HE CAN KEEP ON SAYING THINGS JUST BECAUSE HE'S **DEAD**, EH? I'LL PRETEND I DON'T HEAR HIM -- I'LL MAKE OUT I'M ASLEEP!

AN ETERNITY COULD HAVE PASSED IN THE SINGLE FLICKER OF CONGO'S HEAVY EYELIDS -- AND PERHAPS IT DID! THE LIGHTNING FADED AS IF IT HAD BEEN SNUFFED OUT BY A BLACK AND GROPING HAND -- AND AS CONGO SLOWLY TURNED HIS HEAD --



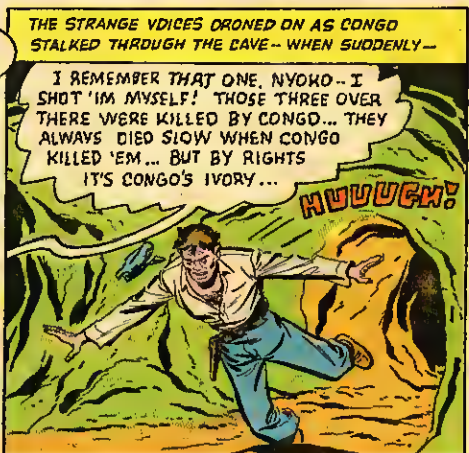
LOTS OF IVORY HERE, NYOKO!

MORE IVORY THAN ANYWHERE IN THE WORLD, LIMEY GUBBINS!



NO ONE'S EVER FOUND IT BUT YOU AND ME, NYOKO!

SO THAT'S IT ... THE TWO OF 'EM PLOTTING AND SCHEMING TO GET ME OUT HERE -- DRIVE ME BALMY BY INCHES -- AND KEEP THE IVORY FOR THEMSELVES!



THE STRANGE VOICES DRONED ON AS CONGO STALKED THROUGH THE CAVE -- WHEN SUDDENLY --

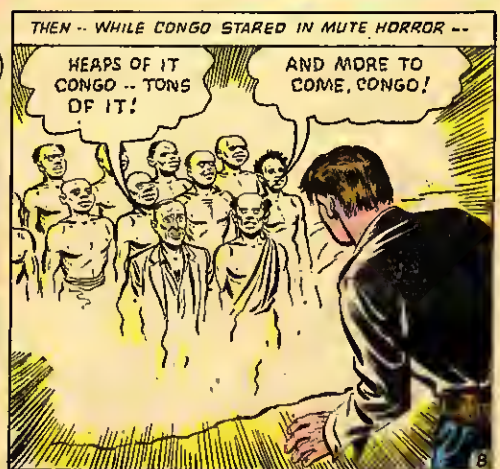
I REMEMBER THAT ONE, NYOKO -- I SHOT 'IM MYSELF! THOSE THREE OVER THERE WERE KILLED BY CONGO ... THEY ALWAYS DIED SLOW WHEN CONGO KILLED 'EM ... BUT BY RIGHTS IT'S CONGO'S IVORY ...

**HUUUCK!**



LIMEY! ... THEN ... WHO'S THAT ... **TALKING?**

I'M GOIN' TO SPEND THE NEXT MILLION YEARS BURVIN' THIS IVORY, NYOKO! IT **OUGHT** TO BE BURIED ... WE MUSTN'T LET CONGO FIND IT...

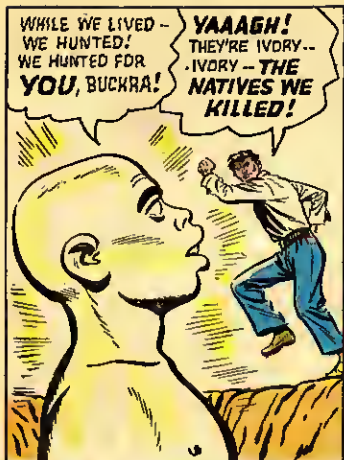


THEN -- WHILE CONGO STARED IN MUTE HORROR --

HEAPS OF IT CONGO -- TONS OF IT!

AND MORE TO COME, CONGO!





AND NOW AGAIN THE JUNGLE SWAYED UNDER A HEADLONG RUSH -- THE BELLOWING CHARGE OF A MAN WHOSE LAST MADDED BURST OF POWER LEVELED THE UNDERGROWTH IN HIS PATH!

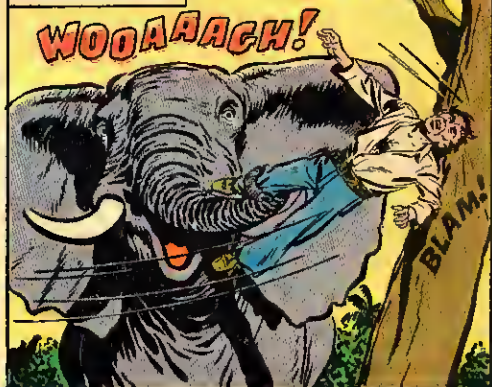
THEY WON'T GET ME -- THEY WON'T GET ME! THOSE THINGS THAT LOOKED LIKE ELEPHANTS WERE ALL IN LIMEY'S HEAD -- BUT I'M NOT CRAZY!



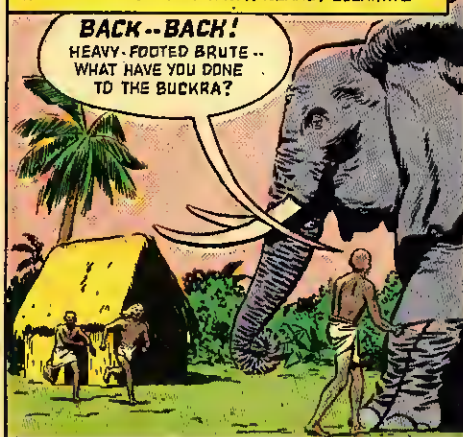
A FAINT BREEZE STIRRED THE FOLIAGE -- A BREEZE BEARING THE ACID SMOKE OF POWDERED IVORY -- AND HERE, WITH THE DULL GLEAM OF DAWN ON THEIR POLISHED CURVES --



FOR AN INSTANT, A SCREAMING, CLAWING MAN AND AN IMMENSE GREY CREATURE WHIRLED IN A SPASM OF VIOLENCE! THEN --



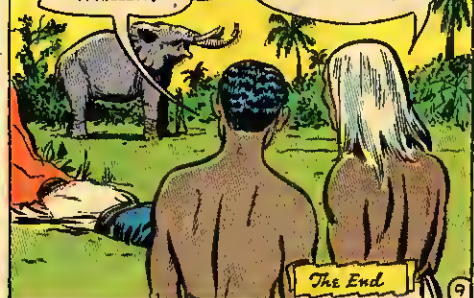
A MOMENT LATER -- FROM A NEARBY CLEARING --



NOT FAR, CONGO! NOT FAR, BUCKRA! NOT FAR TO THE REALM OF THE MIST GODS!

IN THE THIRTY YEARS SINCE OUR GREAT FRIEND NYDKO GAVE US THIS ELEPHANT -- NEVER HAS IT HARMED ANYONE! BUT CAN IT BE DANGEROUS -- A KILLER?

NO -- A WITCH DOCTOR LIKE NYDKO WOULD HAVE KNOWN! PERHAPS HE WAS A BAD MAN -- PERHAPS IT WAS WRITTEN...



# WATCHFUL UNCLE

"**CYNTHIA!** Whom *are* you talking to up there? Come down here this very minute!"

Cynthia Amberley stepped timidly out of her room, clutching her doll tight against her heart, and stood at the head of the stairs, looking fearfully down at her cousin Roger. "I . . . I was just talking to Uncle Jack," she stammered out, "He was telling me *ghost* stories."

Roger glared up at her impatiently. "That's nonsense," he almost shouted. "How many times must I tell you that Uncle Jack has been dead a whole week? Now stop your fairy tales and come down here—hurry! *Run!*"

Galvanized into action by the shout-command, Cynthia began scrambling down the steep stairs as fast as she could, without even holding onto the bannisters. As she neared the step across which Roger had tied the thin but strong length of piano wire, his eyes took on an avid gleam. He could already see, in his mind's eye, Cynthia's ankle catching the wire, the hurtling little body crashing down the steep stairwell, the prone figure lying at the bottom in the unmistakable position of those who have died of a broken neck. At last he would be revenged on the uncle who had thwarted him out of an enormous inheritance, who had left all his wealth to this despicable little snip of a girl.

Yes, *he*—Roger Amberley—would fall heir to the family wealth as soon as Cynthia tripped on the—*WAIT!* "It . . . it *can't* be," Roger thought in desperation. "I . . . I'm *seeing* things—

that white wisp of vapor *didn't* suddenly appear and lift Cynthia's foot over the wire!"

But it *must* have been, for here was Cynthia skipping safely down the rest of the stairs and stopping docilely in front of him. Roger Amberley passed a shaking hand over his forehead, and knew that his nerves were shot—he'd have to get rid of the girl before he *really* went batty! And he knew the best, most foolproof way!

Willingly, Cynthia accompanied him to the attic, where he stopped in front of the huge trunk with the massive iron top. It took all his strength to pull the lid creakingly up, and then he said, in his most amiable voice, "Look inside, Cynthia. There's a surprise in there for you!"

Eagerly, Cynthia stooped over the dim interior of the trunk, and just as Roger was about to push her, he was halted by her cry of delight. "Oh, **UNCLE JACK**—this is a wonderful surprise! But what are you doing in *here*?"

Stunned for a moment, Roger recovered his wits and roughly pushed the girl aside. "*Uncle Jack?*—You're out of your mind, Cynthia! Here—let me see what's inside!"

The interior of the trunk was shadowy and dark, and Roger had to thrust his head further into it before he could make out what that vague, amorphous white shape really was. But when he *did* find out, it was too late—for the grinning, wraith had reached up suddenly and slammed the massive lid down upon him forever.



# MAP of MAGIC

You've probably heard of the Sorcerer's Apprentice, reader -- the lad who unwittingly released all the fiendish forces of the **UNKNOWN** -- but have you ever heard of the **MAP-MAKER** who unknowingly brought to life ghoulish demons who had been dead for over 500 years? No? Well then, get set for thrills -- in the strange story of the unearthly creatures who were summoned out of the beyond by a **MAP OF MAGIC!**

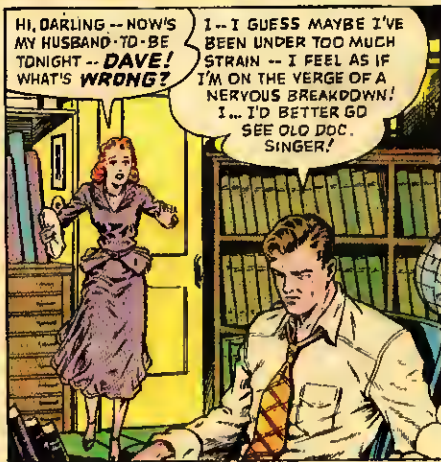


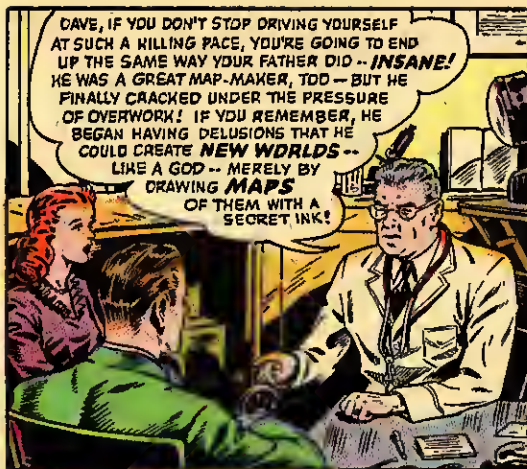
Our story opens late one night in the office of David Jennings, one of the most brilliant young map-makers in the country...

**MAPS, MAPS, MAPS!**  
I'M SICK OF THEM -- ALL OF THEM!  
I CAN'T STAND LOOKING AT  
THEM ANY MORE!

HI, DARLING -- NOW'S  
MY HUSBAND-TO-BE  
TONIGHT -- **DAVE!**  
WHAT'S **WRONG?**

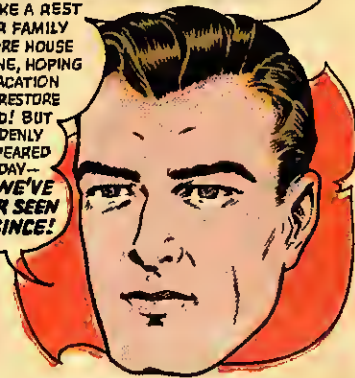
I -- I GUESS MAYBE I'VE  
BEEN UNDER TOO MUCH  
STRAIN -- I FEEL AS IF  
I'M ON THE VERGE OF A  
NERVOUS BREAKDOWN!  
I... I'D BETTER GO  
SEE OLD DOC.  
SINGER!





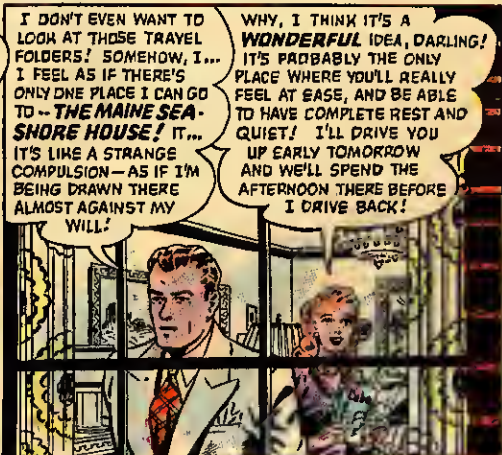
DAVE, IF YOU DON'T STOP DRIVING YOURSELF AT SUCH A KILLING PACE, YOU'RE GOING TO END UP THE SAME WAY YOUR FATHER DID -- **INSANE!** HE WAS A GREAT MAP-MAKER, TOO -- BUT HE FINALLY CRACKED UNDER THE PRESSURE OF OVERWORK! IF YOU REMEMBER, HE BEGAN HAVING DELUSIONS THAT HE COULD CREATE **NEW WORLDS** -- LIKE A GOD -- MERELY BY **DRAWING MAPS** OF THEM WITH A SECRET INK!

YES, I REMEMBER HIS MAD BABBLING ONLY TOO WELL! HE CLAIMED HE FOUND THE FORMULA FOR THE INK IN AN ANCIENT, FORGOTTEN BOOK OF ALCHEMY! WE FINALLY PERSUADED HIM TO TAKE A REST AT OUR FAMILY SEASHORE HOUSE IN MAINE, HOPING THE VACATION WOULD RESTORE HIS MIND! BUT HE SUDDENLY DISAPPEARED ONE DAY -- **AND WE'VE NEVER SEEN HIM SINCE!**



YES, HE PROBABLY COMMITTED SUICIDE BY WALKING INTO THE SEA -- AND I DON'T WANT THAT HAPPENING TO **YOU!** SO TAKE MY ADVICE, MY BOY -- **AND TAKE A REST!**

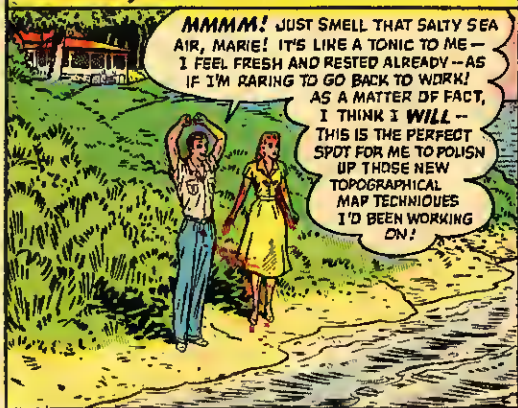
DON'T WORRY, DOCTOR -- I'LL MAKE SURE HE GOES SOMEPLACE WHERE IT'S **REALLY** CALM AND PEACEFUL!



I DON'T EVEN WANT TO LOOK AT THOSE TRAVEL FOLDERS! SOMEHOW, I... I FEEL AS IF THERE'S ONLY ONE PLACE I CAN GO TO -- **THE MAINE SEASHORE HOUSE!** IT... IT'S LIKE A STRANGE COMPULSION -- AS IF I'M BEING DRAWN THERE ALMOST AGAINST MY WILL!

WHY, I THINK IT'S A **WONDERFUL** IDEA, DARLING! IT'S PROBABLY THE ONLY PLACE WHERE YOU'LL REALLY FEEL AT EASE, AND BE ABLE TO HAVE COMPLETE REST AND QUIET! I'LL DRIVE YOU UP EARLY TOMORROW AND WE'LL SPEND THE AFTERNOON THERE BEFORE I DRIVE BACK!

Next day, at the lonely, isolated Jennings estate south of Old Orchard Beach, Maine...



**MMMM!** JUST SMELL THAT SALTY SEA AIR, MARIE! IT'S LIKE A TONIC TO ME -- I FEEL FRESH AND RESTED ALREADY -- AS IF I'M RARING TO GO BACK TO WORK! AS A MATTER OF FACT, I THINK I **WILL** -- THIS IS THE PERFECT SPOT FOR ME TO POLISH UP THOSE NEW TOPOGRAPHICAL MAP TECHNIQUES I'D BEEN WORKING ON!



AH, I KNEW THERE'D BE SOME OF DAD'S OLD EQUIPMENT LYING AROUND THE HOUSE! LET'S SEE -- I'VE GOT MAP PAPER, PEN, INK, AND A PORTABLE DRAWING BOARD -- EVERYTHING I NEED!

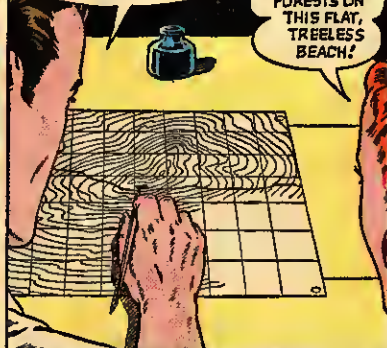
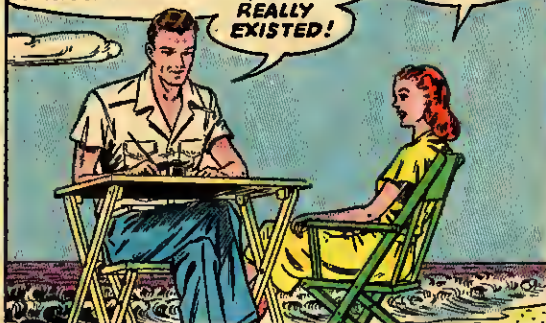


MIGHT AS WELL TAKE ADVANTAGE OF THE WARM WEATHER AND WORK OUT HERE IN THE SUN! NOW LET'S SEE... I HAD TROUBLE IN ADAPTING MY NEW TECHNIQUE TO MAPS OF STEEP, MOUNTAINOUS AREAS, SO I'LL JUST **IMAGINE** SUCH A TERRITORY--AND DRAW A TOPOGRAPHICAL MAP OF IT, AS IF IT **REALLY** EXISTED!

I LOVE WATCHING YOU AT WORK, DARLING! I'LL JUST STAY UNTIL YOU'VE FINISHED THIS MAP!

THERE, IT'S ALMOST FINISHED! BUT BEFORE I COMPLETE THAT CLIFF, I'LL PUT IN A FOREST HERE, A ROAD THERE, A HOUSE HERE...

MY, WHAT AN IMAGINATION YOU HAVE! IMAGINE CLIFFS AND FORESTS ON THIS FLAT, TREELESS BEACH!



But then, as Marie looks up from the drawing board...

OH, N-NO! DAVE-- LOOK!



THE SEA-- THE BEACH-- WHERE ARE THEY? WHERE ARE WE?

GREAT SCOTTY! IT'S FANTASTIC, UNBELIEVABLE-- BUT WE'RE IN THE VERY SAME AREA THAT I'VE JUST DRAWN ON THE MAP!



IF... IF WE BOTH SEE IT, THEN IT **CAN'T** BE AN HALLUCINATION! DAVE, I... I'M FRIGHTENED-- **TAKE ME AWAY FROM HERE!**

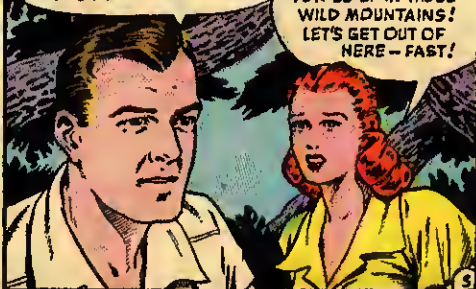
I-- I DON'T UNDERSTAND IT-- BOTH OF US COULDN'T HAVE GONE MAD SIMULTANEOUSLY! AND IF THIS WORLD IS **REAL**, THEN I **CREATED** IT-- LIKE A GOD-- MERELY BY DRAWING A MAP OF IT! -- **WAIT-- NOW I UNDERSTAND!**



DAD **WASN'T** INSANE-- HE **OID** LEARN THE SECRET OF FORMING NEW WORLDS BY MAPPING THEM OUT WITH THAT SPECIAL INK HE DISCOVERED-- THE INK THAT MUST'VE BEEN IN THE BOTTLE I JUST USED! THIS IS THE GREATEST EVENT OF THE AGE-- AND JUST **THINK**-- WE'LL BE THE VERY **FIRST** TO EXPLORE THIS NEW WORLD!

**EXPLORE?**

OH, NO, DAVE-- **NO!** THERE'S NO TELLING WHO-- OR **WHAT**-- IS WAITING FOR US UP IN THOSE WILD MOUNTAINS! LET'S GET OUT OF HERE-- **FAST!**



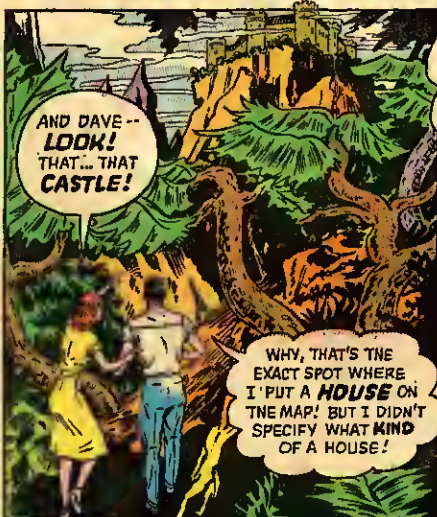
NONSENSE, DARLING -- HOW CAN THIS AREA BE INHABITED WHEN IT'S JUST BEEN **CREATED?** THERE'S NOTHING TO BE AFRAID OF, BUT YOU CAN WAIT FOR ME HERE, IF YOU LIKE! I'LL JUST TAKE THIS MAP ALONG IN CASE I GET LOST, AND --

NO, DAVE -- **WAIT! DON'T LEAVE ME HERE ALONE--I'LL COME WITH YOU!**

And so began that strangest of all explorations -- that journey into a land created by mysterious, occult forces -- that **ADVENTURE INTO THE UNKNOWN!**

DAVE -- THOSE **TREES** -- I'VE NEVER SEEN ANY LIKE THEM BEFORE! THEY... THEY LOOK **QUEER!**

THEY'RE OF A SPECIES THAT EXISTED ONLY IN MEDIEVAL EUROPE! I DON'T KNOW WHAT THEY'RE DOING **HERE** -- I DREW SOME WOODS ON THE MAP, BUT I CERTAINLY DIDN'T HAVE IN MIND TREES THAT HAVE BEEN EXTINGUISHED SINCE THE **DARK AGES!**



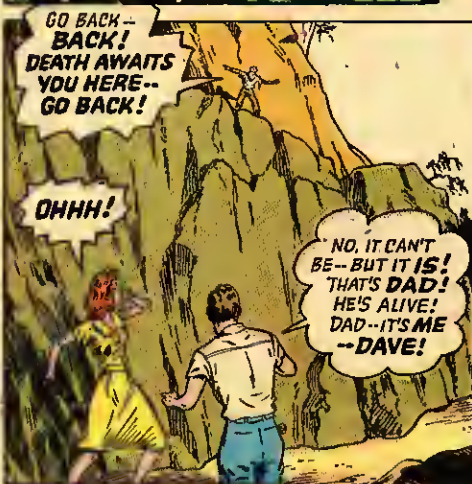
AND DAVE -- **LOOK!** THAT... THAT **CASTLE!**

WHY, THAT'S THE EXACT SPOT WHERE I PUT A **HOUSE** ON THE MAP! BUT I DIDN'T SPECIFY WHAT KIND OF A HOUSE!

YES, AND YOU DIDN'T PUT DOWN YOUR ORDER FOR THE KIND OF **INHABITANTS** OF THAT HOUSE -- OF THAT ANCIENT, HIDEOUS CASTLE! HEAVEN ONLY KNOWS **WHO** OR **WHAT** LIVES THERE! LET'S LEAVE, DARLING -- **NOW!**

MAYBE YOU'RE RIGHT! THERE'S NO TELLING WHAT WE MAY BE BLUNDERING INTO! WE'LL TURN BACK -- **WAIT -- THAT... THAT VOICE!**

**GO BA-AACK!!!**



**GO BACK -- BACK! DEATH AWAITS YOU HERE -- GO BACK!**

**OH!!!**

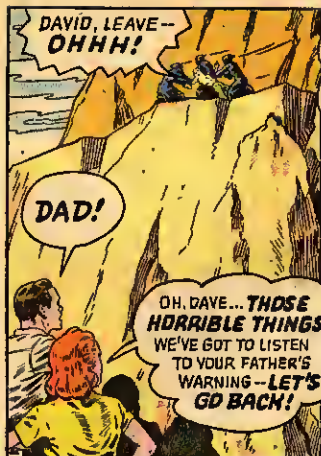
NO, IT CAN'T BE -- BUT IT **IS!** THAT'S **DAD!** HE'S ALIVE! **DAD -- IT'S ME -- DAVE!**

For a moment, the figure atop the cliff peers unbelievably down... and then, with a renewed tone of wild terror...

**SON -- YOU? GO, GO BACK... GO BACK BEFORE IT'S TOO LATE -- BEFORE THEY GET YOU!**







DAVID, LEAVE--  
**OHHH!**

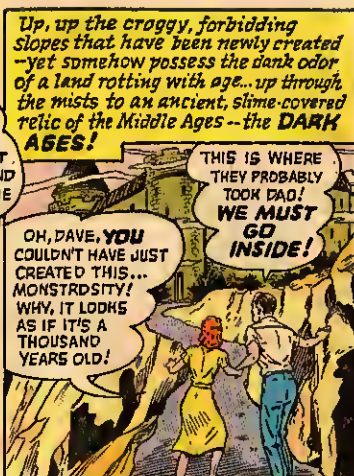
**DAD!**

OH, DAVE... **THOSE HORRIBLE THINGS!**  
WE'VE GOT TO LISTEN  
TO YOUR FATHER'S  
WARNING--**LET'S GO BACK!**



**NO---** I MUST FIND OUT  
WHAT'S HAPPENED TO DAD--  
TRY TO **SAVE** HIM-- FROM  
WHATEVER IT IS THAT  
CAPTURED HIM!  
**COME ON!**

ALL RIGHT!  
I... I'D DIE OF  
FRIGHT IF YOU LEFT  
ME HERE ALONE, AND  
I MIGHT AS WELL DIE  
ONE WAY AS  
ANOTHER!



*Up, up the craggy, forbidding slopes that have been newly created --yet somehow possess the dank odor of a land rotting with age... up through the mists to an ancient, slime-covered relic of the Middle Ages-- the **DARK AGES!***

THIS IS WHERE  
THEY PROBABLY  
TOOK DAD!  
**WE MUST GO INSIDE!**

OH, DAVE, **YOU**  
COULDN'T HAVE JUST  
CREATED THIS...  
**MONSTROSITY!**  
WHY, IT LOOKS  
AS IF IT'S A  
THOUSAND  
YEARS OLD!



The castle door creaks back on hinges unused for centuries...and inside, the pair's footsteps echo hollowly, empty, in a huge cavern of silent shadows-- shadows that suddenly move, and become tentacle-like arms...

IT'S LIKE AN ANCIENT BARONIAL HALL-- AND YOU CAN TELL FROM THE SOUND OF OUR FOOTSTEPS THAT IT'S **EMPTY!**

**NO, DAVE -- IT'S NOT! LOOK OUT!**



**DAVE--HELP!**

**YOU...YOU DEVILS! GET YOUR SLIMY HANDS OFF HER!**

AH, THEY STRUGGLE WITH GREAT FORCE--THEY MUST HAVE **STRONG HEARTS**-- NOT LIKE THE **OLD ONE!** BUT THEY DO NOT KNOW RESISTANCE IS USELESS AGAINST OUR OTHER-WORLDFLY STRENGTH AND CUNNING!



AH, A PERFECT SPECIMEN-- I WILL TAKE **HER** HEART FOR **MYSELF!**-- THROW THEM IN THE NORTH TOWER WHILE WE PREPARE THE EQUIPMENT!

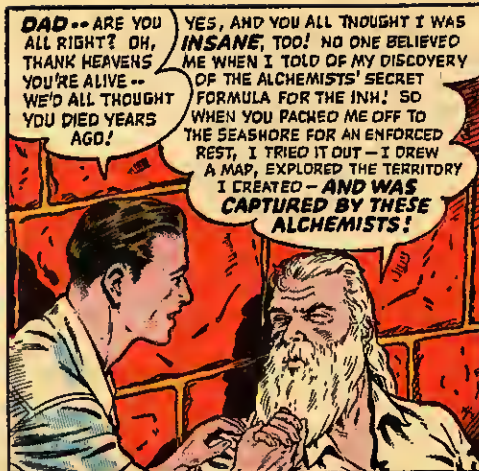
**DON'T TOUCH ME! GET AWAY FROM ME!**

**LET HER ALONE, YOU FIEND!**



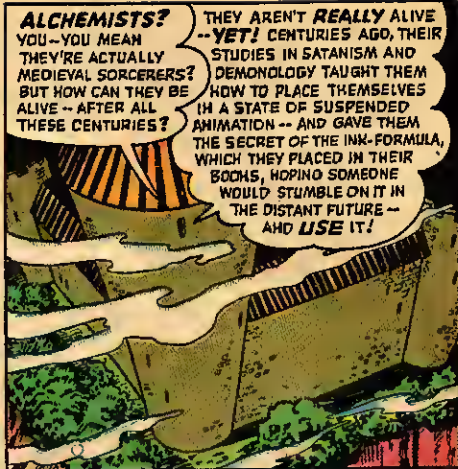
THERE-- INTO THE TOWER AND CALM YOUR HEARTS-- UNTIL WE ARE READY TO **TAKE** THEM!

SON-- THEY **DID** GET YOU!



**DAD--ARE YOU ALL RIGHT? OH, THANK HEAVENS YOU'RE ALIVE-- WE'D ALL THOUGHT YOU DIED YEARS AGO!**

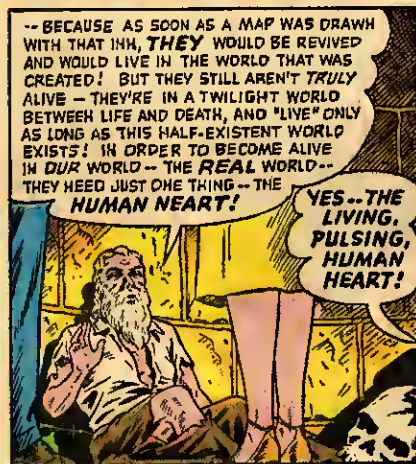
**YES, AND YOU ALL THOUGHT I WAS INSANE, TOO! NO ONE BELIEVED ME WHEN I TOLD OF MY DISCOVERY OF THE ALCHEMISTS' SECRET FORMULA FOR THE INK! SO WHEN YOU PACKED ME OFF TO THE SEASHORE FOR AN ENFORCED REST, I TRIED IT OUT--I DREW A MAP, EXPLORED THE TERRITORY I CREATED-- AND WAS CAPTURED BY THESE ALCHEMISTS!**



**ALCHEMISTS?**

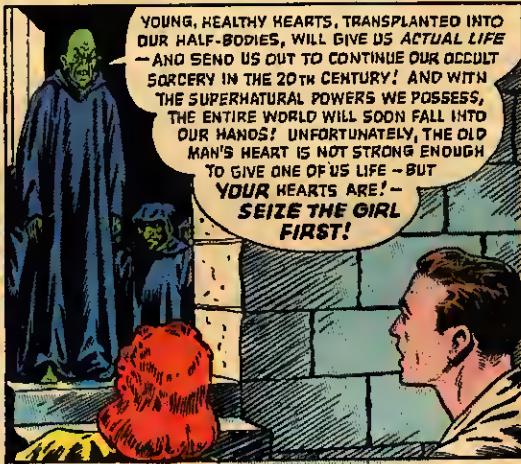
**YOU--YOU MEAN THEY'RE ACTUALLY MEDIEVAL SORCERERS? BUT HOW CAN THEY BE ALIVE-- AFTER ALL THESE CENTURIES?**

**THEY AREN'T *REALLY* ALIVE --YET! CENTURIES AGO, THEIR STUDIES IN SATANISM AND DEMONOLGY TAUGHT THEM HOW TO PLACE THEMSELVES IN A STATE OF SUSPENDED ANIMATION-- AND GAVE THEM THE SECRET OF THE INK-FORMULA, WHICH THEY PLACED IN THEIR BOOKS, HOPING SOMEONE WOULD STUMBLE ON IT IN THE DISTANT FUTURE-- AND *USE IT!***



**-- BECAUSE AS SOON AS A MAP WAS DRAWN WITH THAT INK, *THEY* WOULD BE REVIVED AND WOULD LIVE IN THE WORLD THAT WAS CREATED! BUT THEY STILL AREN'T *TRULY* ALIVE -- THEY'RE IN A TWILIGHT WORLD BETWEEN LIFE AND DEATH, AND "LIVE" ONLY AS LONG AS THIS HALF-EXISTENT WORLD EXISTS! IN ORDER TO BECOME ALIVE IN *OUR* WORLD -- THE *REAL* WORLD-- THEY NEED JUST ONE THING-- THE *HUMAN HEART!***

**YES--THE LIVING, PULSING, HUMAN HEART!**



**YOUNG, HEALTHY HEARTS, TRANSPLANTED INTO OUR HALF-BODIES, WILL GIVE US *ACTUAL* LIFE --AND SEND US OUT TO CONTINUE OUR OCCULT SORCERY IN THE 20TH CENTURY! AND WITH THE SUPERNATURAL POWERS WE POSSESS, THE ENTIRE WORLD WILL SOON FALL INTO OUR HANDS! UNFORTUNATELY, THE OLD MAN'S HEART IS NOT STRONG ENOUGH TO GIVE ONE OF US LIFE -- BUT *YOUR* HEARTS ARE! -- *SEIZE THE GIRL FIRST!***



**OH, NO, NO! HELP!**

**DON'T WORRY, MARIE! I'LL SHOW THESE GHOULS WHAT A *REAL* SLEEP IS-- COMPLETE WITH STARS!**

**GET HIM!**

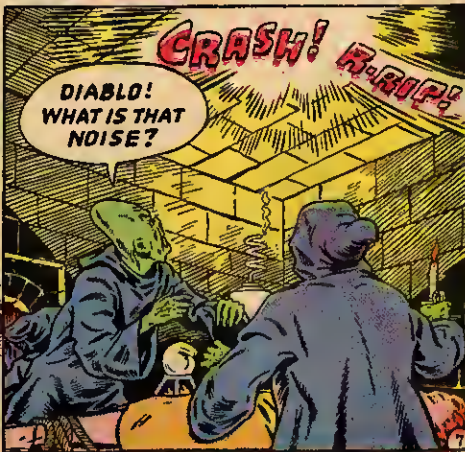
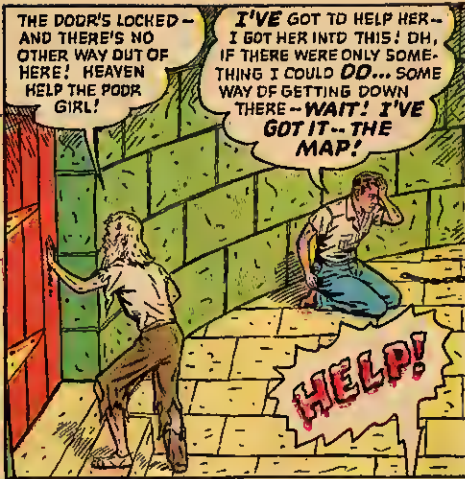
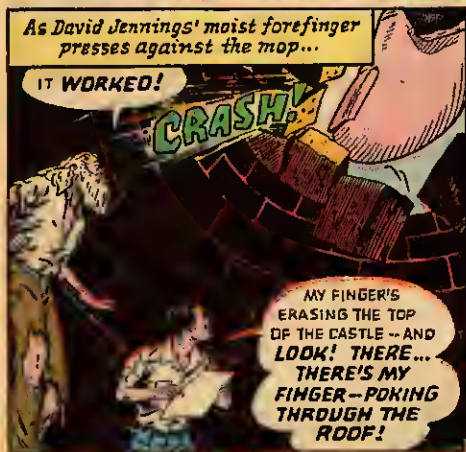
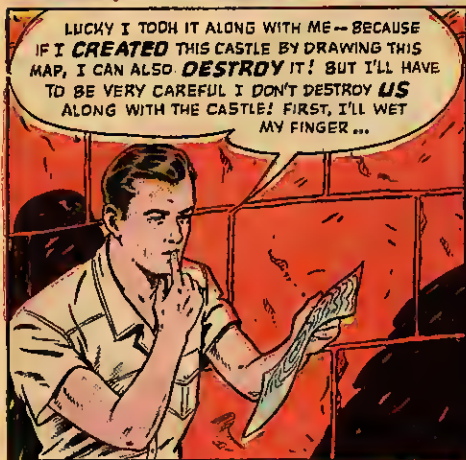
**POW!**



**OHHHHH!**

**EXCELLENT! NOW TAKE THE GIRL INTO THE LABORATORY ON THE FLOOR BELOW!**







NOW I'LL JUST PRESS MY FINGER  
A LITTLE HARDER AGAINST THE  
MAP, AND -- **HERE**  
**WE GO, DAD!**



THAT **DID** IT!  
AND NOW I'LL NEED  
**BOTH** HANDS, SO I'LL  
JUST STUFF THE MAP  
IN MY POCKET!

**YAH!!**



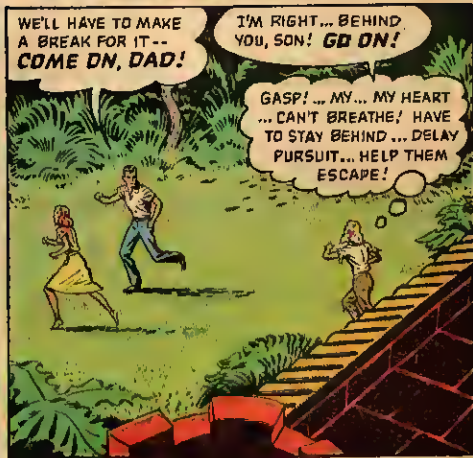
I'LL KEEP 'EM BUSY, DAD!  
GET MARIE LOOSE!

**POW!**



AND BEFORE WE LEAVE -- **THIS'LL**  
**TAKE CARE OF YOUR DIABOLICAL**  
**EQUIPMENT!**

**CRASH!**



WE'LL HAVE TO MAKE  
A BREAK FOR IT --  
**COME ON, DAD!**

I'M RIGHT ... BEHIND  
YOU, SON! **GO ON!**

GASP! ... MY ... MY HEART  
... CAN'T BREATHE! HAVE  
TO STAY BEHIND ... DELAY  
PURSUIT ... HELP THEM  
ESCAPE!



But, after a short, panicky run ...

**DHH -- LOOK!**  
THERE'S THE  
**SEA --** AND  
THERE'S NO  
PLACE ELSE  
TO TURN!  
**WE'RE**  
**TRAPPED!**

BLAST IT -- I REMEMBER  
NOW -- I HADN'T FINISHED THE  
MAP, AND THIS IS WHERE THE  
CREATED WORLD ENDS AND THE  
REAL MAINE SEACAST BEGINS! --  
DAD -- GOT ANY IDEAS?



DAD -- WHY  
DON'T YOU ...  
**DAD!**  
HE -- HE'S  
**GONE!**

**YAAAGHH!**

THAT **SCREAM!**  
THEY MUST  
HAVE **GOT**  
HIM!





AND HERE THEY COME FOR US! THERE'S ONLY ONE THING TO DO--

THEY CAN'T ESCAPE! GET THEM!

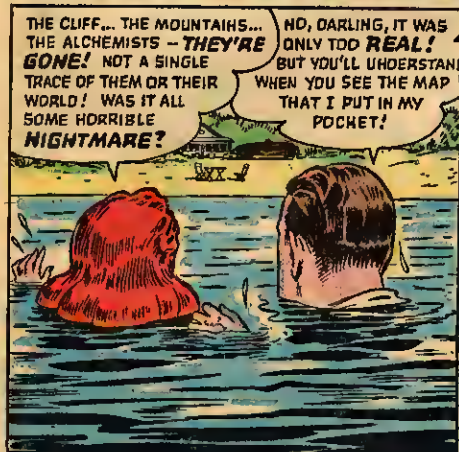


THEY'LL NEVER GET US, DARLING! OUR HEARTS WILL ALWAYS BELONG TO EACH OTHER!



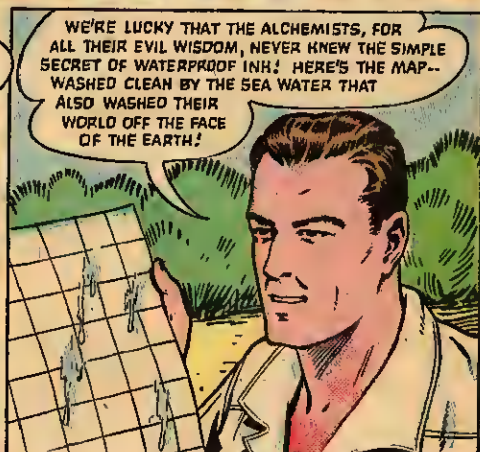
SWEETHEART, ARE YOU ALL RIGHT?

YES, BUT DAVE-- LOOK-- BEHIND YOU!



THE CLIFF... THE MOUNTAINS... THE ALCHEMISTS -- **THEY'RE GONE!** NOT A SINGLE TRACE OF THEM OR THEIR WORLD! WAS IT ALL SOME HORRIBLE NIGHTMARE?

NO, DARLING, IT WAS ONLY TOO **REAL!** BUT YOU'LL UNDERSTAND WHEN YOU SEE THE MAP THAT I PUT IN MY POCKET!



WE'RE LUCKY THAT THE ALCHEMISTS, FOR ALL THEIR EVIL WISDOM, NEVER KNEW THE SIMPLE SECRET OF WATERPROOF INK! HERE'S THE MAP-- WASHED CLEAN BY THE SEA WATER THAT ALSO WASHED THEIR WORLD OFF THE FACE OF THE EARTH!



AND BY SPILLING THEIR FIENDISH INK INTO THE SEA, I'LL MAKE SURE THAT NO MAP CAN EVER AGAIN BE DRAWN WITH IT -- AND THE ALCHEMISTS WILL BE DOOMED TO EXTINCTION FOR ETERNITY!



An hour later...

NO, WE **DON'T** WANT A ROAD-MAP-- **WE DON'T!**

HUH? I DIDN'T MEAN NO HARM IN OFFERIN' ONE TO YOU! YOU **BOTH** MUST BE CRAZY-- ACTIN' AS IF A MAP WAS AN INSTRUMENT OF THE DEVIL HIMSELF!

The End



**I**T'S midnight, reader. Outside, where all is blackness, the wind is howling like a banshee. It's a night for spirits, for eerie whispers from out of the *Unknown*, so—*let's talk it over!*

We've got a lot to talk over this time. For instance, let's discuss the banner issue of "*Adventures Into The Unknown*" that you've been reading. This time we've gone all out to bring you a star-studded lineup of super-thrillers that should hit a new high—because they're what you've asked for! Our experts have culled the field—and come up with an exciting variety of tense tales straight out of the chilling *Unknown* itself! There's "*Marriage of Death*," for instance—we'll bet you never thought of death as a person, nor dreamed of the strange adventures which would befall the woman of his choice! And for mysterious, other-worldly forces—well, you'll have to go far before encountering anything like "*Realm of the Mist Gods*!" Then, for grip-

ping imagination run riot, just cast your eyes over "*Map of Magic*"—and learn what happened to a man who made his own world—only to have it turn on him! Reading on, you'll find that the ocean itself can be haunted—as it was by that weird, formless specter called "*The Eel*!" And you'll chill to "*The Look of Death*"—as strange and fascinating a yarn as you'll ever meet!

They're all yours—for thrills and gasps! And we hope you like them, because this is one magazine that's tailor-made for you! If they're what you want, tell us so—and if you don't like them, let us know that, too! You're the folks we want to hear from, with full reports on your preferences. Many of you have been sending in your reactions, and we're grateful for them, since they help us in shaping this, your exclusive publication. We're pleased and proud at what we've been hearing—and we know you'll bear with us while we bring you a few samples of the correspondence which has been pouring in on us. Take a deep breath, and—*let's go!*

"Dear Editor:—

I have read a good many comics in my life, but none has been as good as "*Adventures Into The Unknown*." I think this book is tops, and that is putting it mildly, very mildly. I think it is great! It's—well, I think it's just wonderful! You ought to write more stories like "*Shadow of the Panther*," "*When The Shaman Walked*," and "*The Thing at the Bottom of the Sea*." They all help to make the best book that anyone ever read! Keep up the great work!

—H. Beatrice Williams, Detroit, Mich."

"Dear Editor:—

Recently I subscribed for twelve issues of "*Adventures Into The Unknown*" and have been receiving my regular bimonthly issues. However, you will recall that I also enclosed an extra twenty cents for the first two issues that were published. I have read other readers' letters about how they enjoyed such stories as "*The Living Ghost*," "*The Werewolf Stalks*," "*The Old Tower's Secret*" and "*The Castle of Otranto*." These sound like just the type of stories that I go for, but I would like to read them and find out. I have also been in suspense wondering what this "*Living Ghost*" is that everyone is raving about. . . . Up to now, no one has bothered to mention the covers of your book. Your covers are a work of art, with each one the basis for a complete adventure into the unknown for a reader with a good imagination. Just keep the stories as good as the cover and I'll be happy!

—James Parry, East Syracuse, N. Y."

"Dear Editor:—

Out of all the suspense books I have read, I really enjoy your magazine the best. It really keeps you in suspense! All my friends read it, too, and I wish that "*Adventures Into The Unknown*" could come out monthly instead of bimonthly. . . . I wish to say, on behalf of my friends and myself—keep up the good work!

—M. Sullivan, New York, N. Y."

"Dear Editor:—

I have read many comic books, but I have never found one that has held my attention as "*Adventures Into The Unknown*" does. I watch the stands so that I won't miss an issue. To avoid this, I am sending \$1.20 for a year's subscription. Thank you.

—Helen Lewis, Rock Springs, Wyoming."

Thanks, fans! And the rest of you folks—how's about hearing from you?"





**I**t is written: "What man does not know... what he cannot control ...**HE FEARS!**" Tom Stubbs, deep-sea diver, could never know, never control, but only, finally, come to fear the unknown powers of the dread ocean tide that was called...  
**THE EEL!**

**STUBBS AND HIS PARTY CAME TO THE CARIBBEAN ISLAND OF GIRUA IN SEARCH OF...**

**-- SUNKEN TREASURE, CHIEF... JEWELS! AND WE AIM TO GET THEM!**

**YOU ARE DIVERS, SEÑOR... WE ARE ISLANDERS, BUT DIVERS, TOO! ONE WORD OF WARNING... BEWARE OF... THE EEL!**

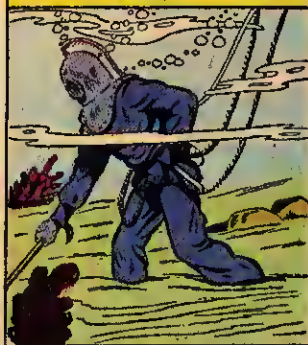
**THE EEL IS THE MOST TREACHEROUS, POWERFUL CURRENT ON THE SEVEN SEAS! HE COMES AND GOES -- ATTACKS AND KILLS -- LIKE SOMETHING ALIVE! HE HAS SUPERNATURAL POWERS -- UNKNOWN POWERS!**

**SO BEWARE OF THE WRATH OF THAT ALL-POWERFUL TIDE... THE EEL!**

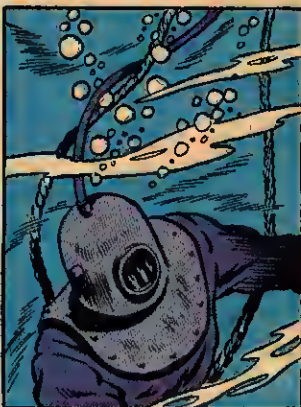
**BAH! THAT'S SPOOK STUFF! THIS HEAVY DIVING SUIT IS ALL I NEED AGAINST ANY CURRENT IN THE WORLD! I'M GOING DOWN AFTER THAT TREASURE!**



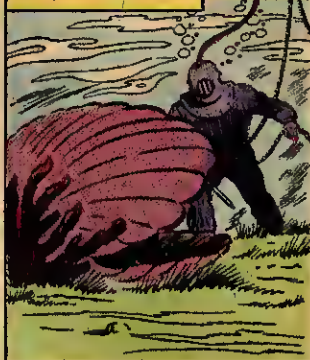
**TOM STUBBS SLIPPED UNDER-WATER... AND THE SHALLOW FLOOR OF THE MOTIONLESS SEA WAS LIKE A BOTTOMLESS BOG, EMBRACING HIM, SUCKING HIM DEEP!**



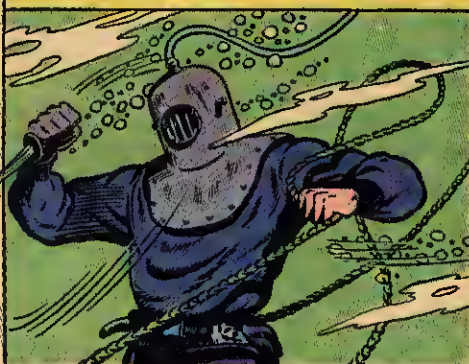
**HE WENT UNDER, ROLLED FREE, WAS SUCKED DOWN AGAIN, FOUGHT HIS WAY UP... AND STAGGERED AHEAD...**



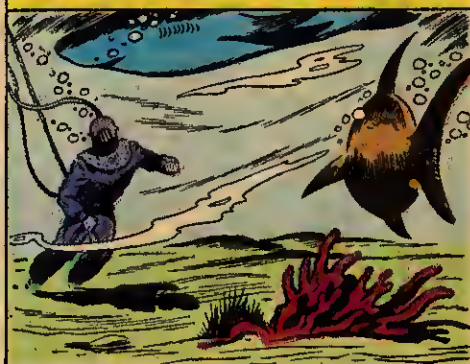
**THEN... IN HIS PATH... A GIANT SEA CLAM! IT LOOKED HARMLESS, JUST ANOTHER FOSSIL OF THE DEEP-- UNTIL THE GAPING JAWS SLAMMED SHUT!**



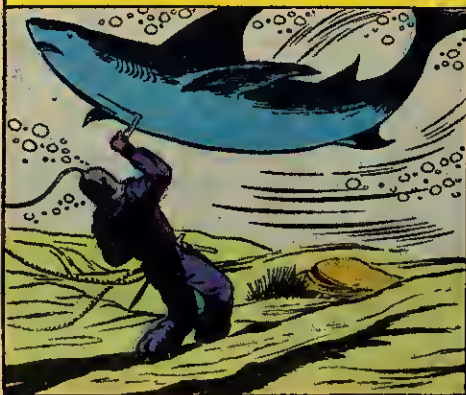
**TOM STUBBS HACKED WITH HIS THIN-BLADED KNIFE UNTIL THE BREATH WAS DRY AND GASPING IN HIS THROAT AND PERSPIRATION SHADED THE WINDOW OF HIS HELMET... PRYING, TEARING HIMSELF LOOSE...**



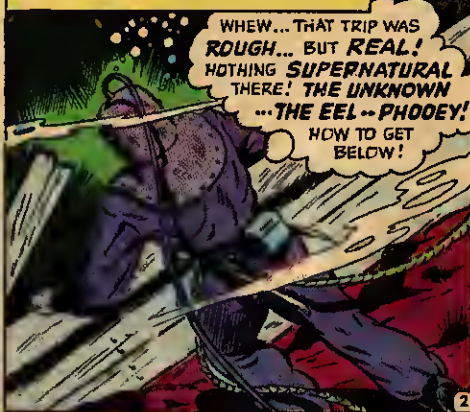
**SLOWLY, HE DREW CLOSER TO THE SUBMERGED TREASURE-SHIP... AND SUDDENLY, THE CLUB-LIKE HEAD OF THE SHARK CAME AT HIM FROM THE DARK SHADOWS... FIERCELY, HUNGRILY, TEETH BARED...**



**AT CLOSE QUARTERS, STUBBS STRUCK AGAIN AND AGAIN... PRAYING THAT HIS LINES WOULD REMAIN CLEAR! AT LAST THE SHARK WAS DEAD...**

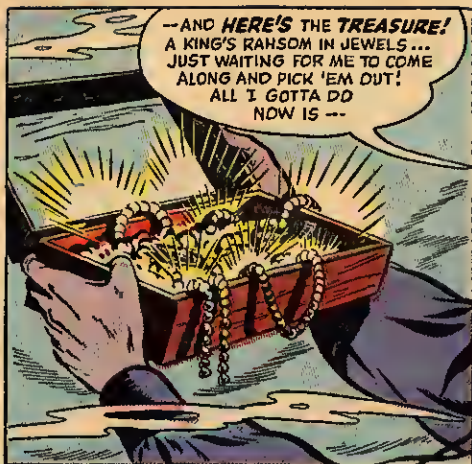
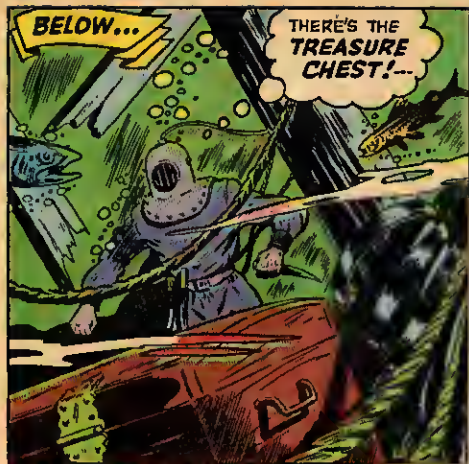


**HE MADE HIS WAY TO THE SIDE OF THE SUNKEN TREASURE SHIP...**

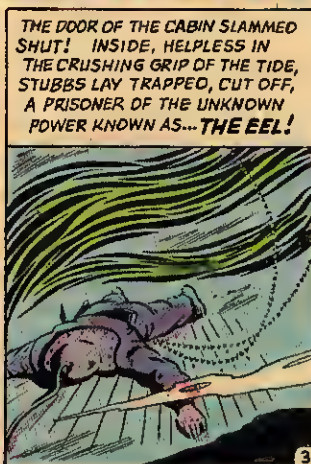
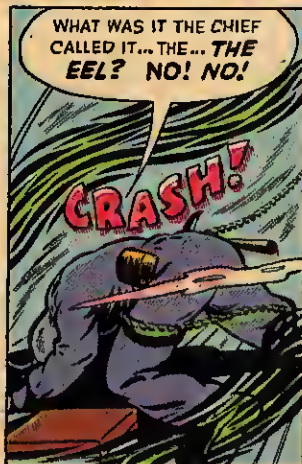
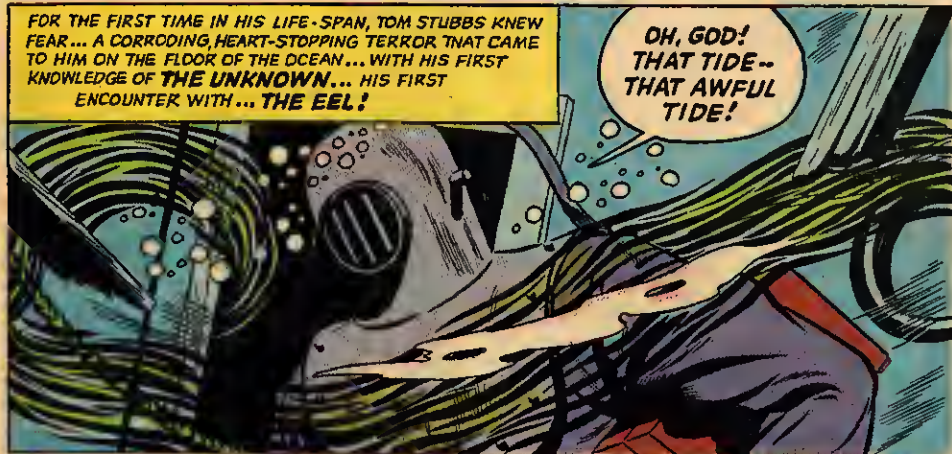


**WHOW... THAT TRIP WAS ROUGH... BUT REAL! NOTHING SUPERNATURAL THERE! THE UNKNOWN... THE EEL -- PHOOEY! HOW TO GET BELOW!**





FOR THE FIRST TIME IN HIS LIFE - SPAN, TOM STUBBS KNEW FEAR ... A CORRODING, HEART-STOPPING TERROR THAT CAME TO HIM ON THE FLOOR OF THE OCEAN ... WITH HIS FIRST KNOWLEDGE OF **THE UNKNOWN...** HIS FIRST ENCOUNTER WITH ... **THE EEL!**



MEANWHILE, ABOVE, THE TIME DRAGGED ON, AND TENSION GREW...

WE'RE NOT GETTING ANY MORE SIGNALS FROM TOM, CHIEF, AND WE CAN'T GET THROUGH TO HIM! I'M AFRAID...

FEAR NOT, MY FRIEND! I WILL SEND MY SON, TAURO, TO FIND HIM!



GO, SON, WITH MY BLESSING... MAY **THE EEL** SMILE UPON YOUR DIVE!

IF THE **EEL** WILLS IT, FATHER, I WILL RETURN... **ALIVE!**



DIVING CLEAN AND DEEP, SHOOTING DOWN BELOW THE OCEAN'S SURFACE... FAR BELOW... AS ONLY A NATIVE OF THE ISLANDS CAN... TAURO REACHED THE WRECK... AND THE WHITE DIVER'S PRISON...

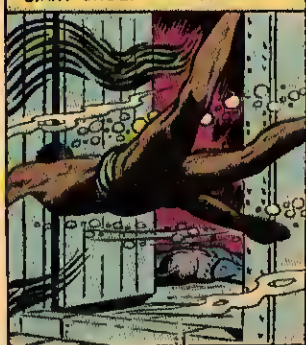
IT IS AS I THOUGHT... THE EEL IS ALL AROUND ME HERE -- AND SENOR STUBBS IS TRAPPED! HE MAY ALREADY BE... **DEAD!**



OH, YOU WHO ARE THE SPIRIT AND THE POWER OF THE SEA, YET MERCIFUL, **LET ME LIVE!** YOU TO WHOM WE BOW... WHOM WE CALL **THE EEL**-- HEAR MY PLEAS... **OPEN THE DOOR!**

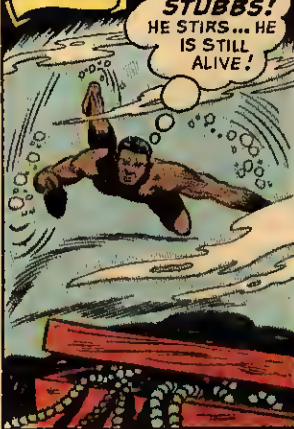


AS THOUGH THE SERPENT-LIKE CURRENT HAD HEARD, AND SUDDENLY RELENDED, IT RUSHED BACK... AND AWAY! THE DOOR WAS FLUNG OPEN AS BY A GIANT UNDERSEA HAND...



**AND...**

IT IS **HE... STUBBS!** HE STIRS... HE IS STILL ALIVE!



WORKING AGAINST TIME, TAURO REVIVED THE STRICKEN DIVER, HALF-LIFTED, HALF-CARRIED HIM UP AND OUT... TOWARDS SAFETY! FEAR WAS FORGOTTEN... BUT ONE MEMORY REMAINED...

THE JEWELS... **THE JEWELS!**





**BACK ON DECK... AT LAST...**

I CAN'T BELIEVE IT... WHAT LUCK... YOU'RE **SAFE**, TOM! HOW DO YOU FEEL?

I'M... I'M ALL RIGHT NOW... **AND WE'VE STILL GOT THE JEWELS!**

PARDON, SEÑOR, BUT I THINK THE JEWELS SHOULD NOW BE **MINE!**

NOW LOOK, FRIEND, YOU SAVED MY LIFE AND I'M THANKFUL... BUT **NOT THAT THANKFUL!**

YOU FORCE ME TO **TAKE** THE TREASURE, SEÑOR...

**TAKE IT?? OVER MY DEAD BODY!**

**CRACK!**

OLLA! -- HE ATTACKS THE SON OF THE CHIEF... OUR TAURO! **RESCUE HIM! SAVE HIM!**

**HEY-- THESE ISLANDERS ARE AFTER TOM! GET THEM!**

THESE JEWELS ARE **MINE**... YOU'LL HAVE TO **KILL ME FOR 'EM... BEFORE I KILL YOU!**

FOOLS! BLIND OXEN! YOU DO NOT WANT THESE JEWELS! **NONE OF US CAN HAVE THEM! STOP! I COMMAND YOU ... STOP!**

**BUT THE BATTLE RAGED ON!**

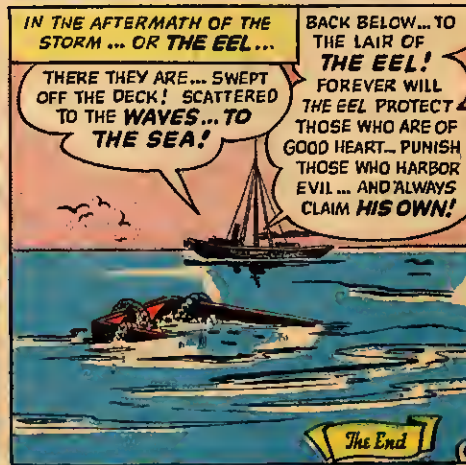
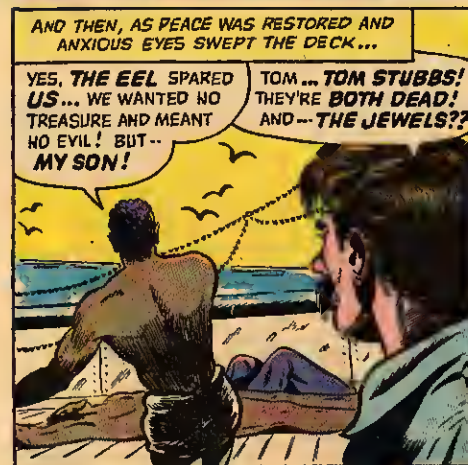
DESTROY THE PILLAGERS OF OUR ISLAND AND OUR TREASURE!

THE TREASURE BELONGS TO **THE EEL!** FROM THE EEL IT HAS **COME!** TO THE EEL IT WILL **RETURN!** MARK MY PROPHECY!

LET 'EM HAVE IT, MEN! SHOOT 'EM DOWN LIKE FLIES!

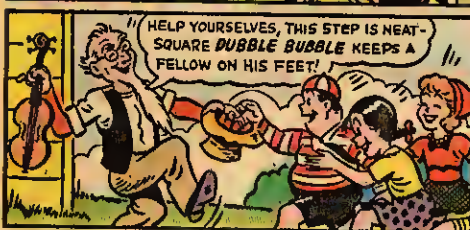
**THE EEL!** LIKE SOME MONSTER OF THE DEEP ... ALIVE... ANGRY... COLD... IT REACHED OUT FOR THE LIVES OF ALL THE MEN ABOARD THAT UNLUCKY SHIP!

LOOK-- RUN! SAVE YOURSELVES! **VENGEANCE** IS UPON US! IT IS **THE EEL!** HE'S COME FOR THE TREASURE... COME TO PUNISH US... **THE EEL!**



The End





**BIGGER-  
BETTER  
BUBBLES-**

**PRICE-  
A PENNY  
A PIECE.**

**AN' THE  
SQUARE WRAP  
KEEPS THE  
FUNNIES  
FLAT--**

**1¢**

**FRANK H. FLEER CORP.  
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**THE GREATEST GROUP  
OF HEADLINE HITS IN HISTORY!**



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# TIME *to* DIE

**H**ED *done* it—his experiment had worked!

Clutching the next day's newspaper in trembling hands, Professor Peter Halvorsen staggered to his armchair and lay back, panting heavily, trying to ignore the growing pain around his heart. Yes, it had worked—but the experiment had exacted an awful toll on his body.

The professor leaned back, trying to quiet the heart that pounded against his chest like the booming of a tom-tom. There was one sure way to relax, he knew—all he had to do was think back over the years that had led to today's tremendous triumph, the most stupendous achievement of the age. He'd let his memories soothe and calm him—the memories of all those years since he had discovered the Third Book of Thoth in a secret vault in the Pyramid of Thebes.

Twelve years ago it was—and twelve years of laborious, heart-breaking deciphering had followed. He'd given up his position as Professor of Egyptology and Occultology to devote all his time to translating the ancient symbols of occult wisdom. He'd kept his discovery of the Book of Thoth a secret, afraid that the public would laugh at his attempts to solve the mystery of *time*!

But they wouldn't laugh now, when he told them that he had actually carried out the magical rites, the uncanny invocations to unknown spirits—and had actually projected himself *a day ahead into the future*!

The professor turned his head and glanced fondly at the incredibly ancient Third Book of Thoth, lying in its silver box on the table at his side. Yes, it had taught him the occult secret of traveling in time—even though the anguished wrench from one time dimension to another had almost killed him.

But he was beginning to feel better now, strong enough to light a cigarette before he looked at the *proof* of his success—the newspaper he held clutched in one hand. *Tomorrow's* newspaper—carrying news that had not yet even *happened*!

He leafed through it now, thinking of how he had staggered down the street *tomorrow* to the corner newsstand so that he would know he hadn't been dreaming. The professor idly turned another page, stared in horror—and leaped to his feet with a cry of anguish. Suddenly he staggered, clutched his heart, and pitched to the floor, his cigarette falling near the newspaper.

A thin curl of smoke arose, and then the greedy flames began eating away at the column that read:

## “NOTED EGYPTOLOGIST DIES

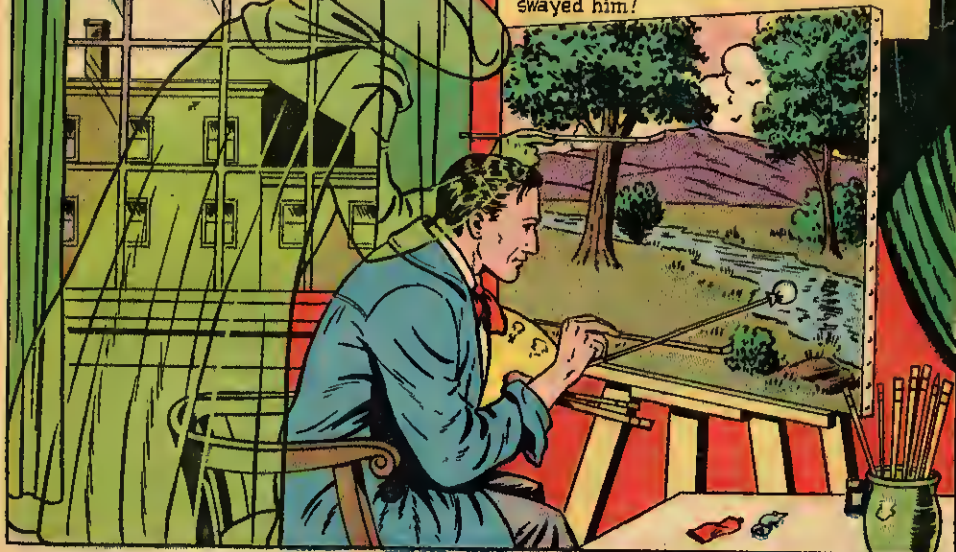
Professor Peter Halvorsen died yesterday in a fire that utterly consumed his home. The renowned scholar is believed to have suffered a heart attack before the blaze occurred, and there is no hint of the cause of the fire. Police are investigating a strange silver box full of ashes, found near the body . . .”



# UNCANNY MYSTERIES

## CASE of the PHANTOM ART CRITIC

By far the strangest specter ever dreamed of was the one who for years suddenly appeared at odd intervals to help the eminent artist, Elliott Daingerfield, paint some of his greatest works! Daingerfield has been called one of America's most imaginative artists... thanks to the **PHANTOM ART CRITIC**, whose spectral counsel so strangely swayed him!



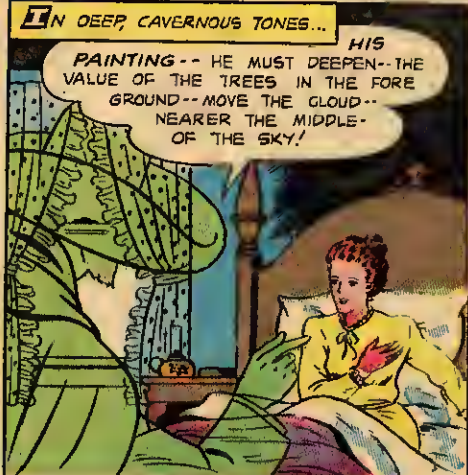
IT ALL STARTED THE NIGHT MRS. DAINGERFIELD AWOKE SUDDENLY TO A STARTLING SIGHT...

OHH! WHO...  
WHAT ARE YOU?



IN DEEP, CAVERNOUS TONES...

HIS  
PAINTING-- HE MUST DEEPEN--THE  
VALUE OF THE TREES IN THE FORE  
GROUND--MOVE THE CLOUD--  
NEARER THE MIDDLE--  
OF THE SKY!



**I**N THE MORNING, WHEN MRS. DAINGERFIELD REPORT-  
ED THE UNCANNY PHENOMENON TO HER HUSBAND...

IT-- IT WAS  
**FANTASTIC!!**  
ELLIOTT, I NEVER  
GO INTO YOUR  
STUDIO-- TELL ME,  
ARE YOU WORKING  
ON A LANDSCAPE WITH  
TREES AND A  
CLOUD IN  
THE SKY?

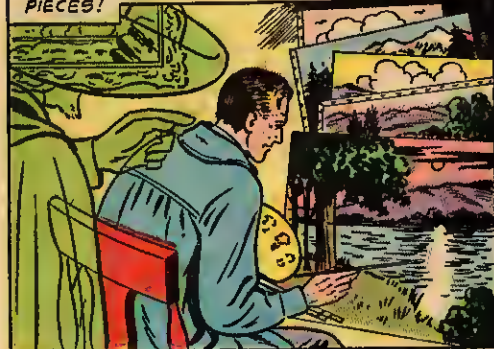
IT IS FANTASTIC-- BECAUSE IT'S A  
PERFECT CRITICISM OF THE PAINTING  
I'M WORKING ON! I'VE HAD THE  
FEELING THAT SOMETHING WAS  
WRONG WITH IT, BUT NOW THAT  
... THAT APPARITION HAS  
MENTIONED IT, I KNOW WHAT'S  
WRONG WITH IT! STRANGE AS  
IT MAY SEEM, I'M GOING TO  
TAKE ITS ADVICE!



I CAN SCARCELY BELIEVE  
IT-- CHANGING THE TREES AND  
THE CLOUD MAKES IT A  
**PERFECT PICTURE!**  
I... I HOPE THAT SPECTER  
COMES AGAIN!

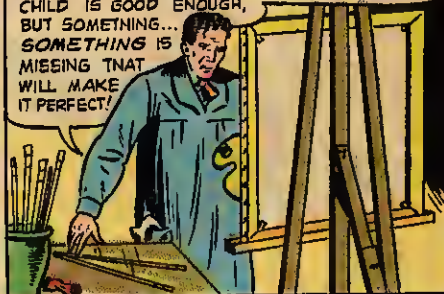


**I**T DID COME AGAIN, AT ODD INTERVALS FOR  
OVER THIRTY YEARS! WHENEVER THE ARTIST  
SEEMED TO BE MOST IN NEED OF HELP, THE  
PHANTOM WOULD APPEAR-- AND ITS GHOSTLY  
WORDS OF COUNSEL HELPED MAKE MASTER-  
PIECES!



**D**AINGERFIELD HEEDED ITS WORDS--BUT  
ONLY ONCE DID THE PHANTOM APPEAR  
DIRECTLY TO HIM! IT WAS LATE ONE  
AFTERNOON, WHEN THE ARTIST HAD LAID  
HIS BRUSHES DOWN IN DISCOURAGEMENT...

**NOTHING** I'VE TRIED MAKES ANY IMPROVE-  
MENT! THE PAINTING OF THE MADONNA AND  
CHILD IS GOOD ENOUGH,  
BUT SOMETHING...  
**SOMETHING** IS  
MISSING THAT  
WILL MAKE  
IT PERFECT!

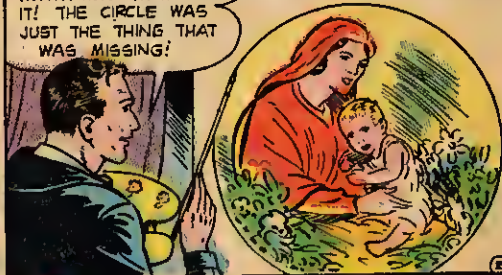


**S**UDDENLY... A-- CIRCLE! ENCLOSE  
IT-- IN A CIRCLE!



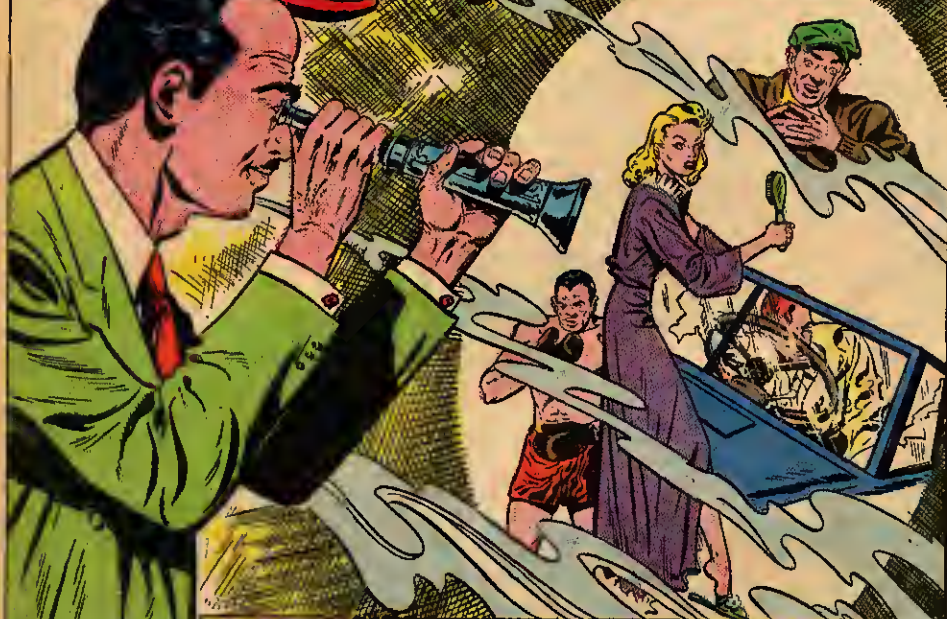
**A**ND ANYONE WHO VISITS THE METROPOLITAN  
MUSEUM OF ART IN NEW YORK, OR THE NATIONAL  
GALLERY, CAN SEE THE MAGNIFICENT PICTURES  
PAINTED BY ELLIOTT DAINGERFIELD-- WITH THE  
HELP OF THE PHANTOM ART CRITIC... WHOM  
ELLIOTT BELIEVED TO BE A GHOSTLY SPIRIT OF  
A 17TH CENTURY MASTER!

WHY... WHY THAT DID  
IT! THE CIRCLE WAS  
JUST THE THING THAT  
WAS MISSING!





# The Cook of DEATH



Ever hear anyone say, "If looks could kill. I'd have been dead...?" Well, how would **YOU** like to have the power of gazing at a person -- with a look that **KILLS**? And let's see what **ONE** man who **HAD** that power **DID** with **The Look of DEATH**!



NO WONDER THEY HAD TO CUT THE PRICE OF THAT SPYGLASS! WHO IN THE WORLD WOULD WANT A BEAT-UP OLD THING LIKE **THAT**?

NOT **I**! THAT RELIC IS NO BARGAIN AT **ANY** PRICE!

OH, YEAH! DON'T **YOU** BE SO HASTY ABOUT THAT SPYGLASS, READER -- AT LEAST, NOT UNTIL YOU KNOW ALL ABOUT ITS STRANGE POWERS AND THE EVEN **STRANGER** STORY CONNECTED WITH IT -- A STORY THAT BEGINS IN THE PAWNSHOP OWNED BY ONE MAC MACAULEY...

OH, OH -- **ANOTHER** CHARACTER! WHY DO ALL THE QUEER DUCKS HAVE TO COME TO **MY** PAWNSHOP? -- YOU CAN'T MAKE A DIME OUT OF THEM! I'LL GET RID OF **THIS** ONE IN A HURRY!

PLEASE -- I NEED MONEEY -- URGENTLY!



LAST NIGHT **THE VOICE** CALLED TO ME -- ORDERING ME TO RETURN IMMEDIATELY TO **TIBET!** BUT SINCE WE ARE FORBIDDEN TO USE **TELEPORTATION** TO TRAVEL INSTANTLY FROM ONE POINT ON THE **GLOBE** TO ANOTHER, I MUST GO BY **ORDINARY MEANS** -- AND FOR THAT I NEED **PASSAGE-MONEY!** YOU WILL GIVE IT TO ME!

THE VOICE ... **TIBET...** TELEPORTATION... THIS BIRD IS **REALLY NUTS!**

SORRY, BUB... I **LOAN** MONEY -- I DON'T **GIVE** IT AWAY! AND BEFORE I MAKE A LOAN, I NEED **PLENTY OF COLLATERAL--**

BUT I **DO** HAVE COLLATERAL! HERE-- I WILL LEAVE YOU THIS PORTRAIT AS SECURITY FOR THE LOAN!



THOSE -- THOSE **EYES...** THEY'RE ALMOST **ALIVE...** BURNING -- **UGH!** THEY GIVE ME THE WILLIES!

BUT... BUT I **DO** NOT UNDERSTAND! THAT WAS PAINTED BY THE WISEST ARTIST IN THE LAMA'S EMPIRE! IT HAS CERTAIN QUALITIES WHICH --

SURE IT HAS QUALITIES -- **BAD ONES!** UNLESS YOU HAVE SOMETHING ELSE TO OFFER AS SECURITY--

I ... I HAVE ONLY ONE OTHER POSSESSION -- **THIS!** IT IS FORBIDDEN TO PART WITH IT, BUT I **MUST** HAVE MONEY-- HOW MUCH WILL YOU GIVE ME FOR IT?

WHAT --? LEND YOU MONEY FOR THAT POP-EYED PICTURE OF YOU IN A **PHONEY SWAMI'S OUTFIT?** WHY, I WOULDN'T GIVE YOU **TWO BITS** FOR IT!



OH, A **SPYGLASS**, EH? WELL, IT MIGHT BE WORTH A COUPLE OF **BUCKS** -- I'LL JUST LOOK THROUGH IT AND SEE IF IT'S ANY GOOD!

**NO!** IT IS FORBIDDEN FOR THE UNINITIATED TO LOOK THROUGH THE SACRED GLASS! DO NOT PUT YOUR EYE TO IT!



HUN -- THE LENSES MUST BE PLAIN GLASS IF YOU DON'T WANT ME TO TRY IT OUT! HERE, TAKE IT BACK AND GET OUT OF -- **NO -- WAIT!**

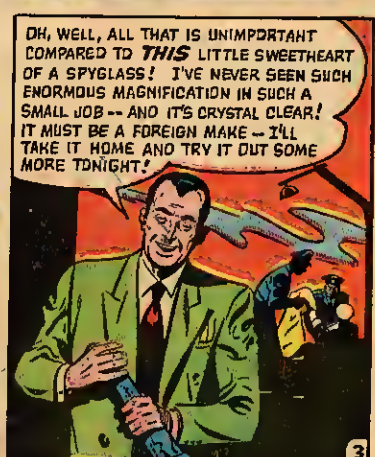
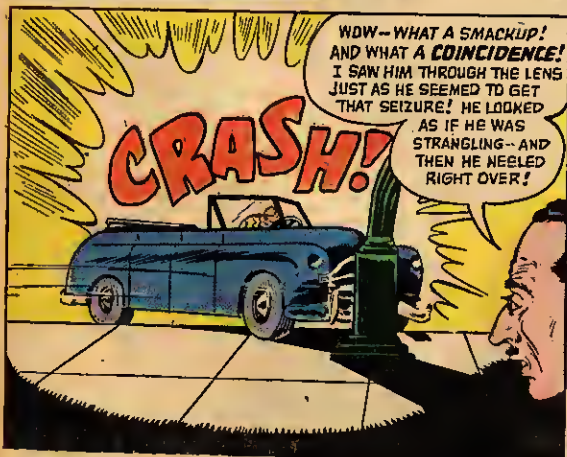
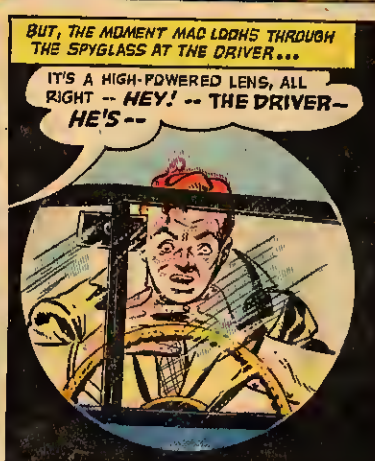
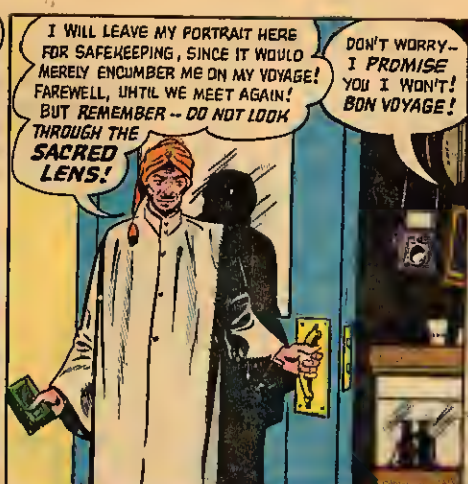
THAT GLITTERING -- THE LIGHT IS BEING REFLECTED AS IF THERE ARE **REAL GEMS** ON IT!



GREAT JUMPIN' JUPITER! **DIAMONDS... RUBIES... EMERALDS -- THIS THING IS WORTH A FORTUNE!**







THAT NIGHT...

AH, THERE'S THAT BLONDE  
ACROSS THE WAY! I'VE NEVER  
REALLY HAD A CHANCE TO SEE WHAT HER  
FACE LOOKS LIKE -- BUT **NOW** --



WHAT THE --  
AGAIN!



THE .. THE MOMENT I LOOKED AT  
HER THROUGH THE GLASS... SHE... SHE  
HAD THAT SAME SPELL AS THAT CAR-  
DRIVER .. AND HE HAD **HIS** JUST  
AS I LOOKED AT HIM! IS IT JUST A  
COINCIDENCE .. **OR** --?  
**WAIT** -- THAT SCREWBALL WHO  
GAVE ME THIS -- HE WARNED ME  
**NOT TO LOOK THROUGH IT!**  
**IT'S NOT COINCIDENCE! IT... IT**  
**MUST BE THIS... THIS THING!**



SHE'S GETTING UP -- JUST SEEMS  
**STUNNED!** BUT I WONDER...  
IF LOOKING AT PEOPLE FOR A  
**SECOND** THROUGH THIS SPY-  
GLASS **DOES** KNOCK THEM OUT,  
WHAT WOULD HAPPEN IF I  
**KEPT** LOOKING AT THEM?  
WOULD IT... **KILL?** I... I'VE  
**GOT TO FIND OUT ... SOMEHOW!**

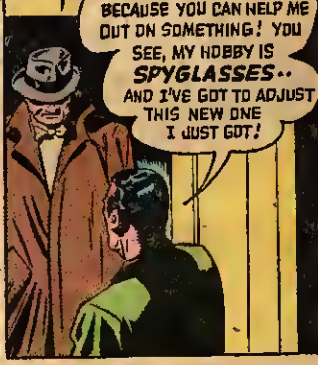


**KNOCK!**  
**KNOCK!**

OHAY, MACAULEY -- THIS IS **IT!** THE  
BOSS IS GETTIN' TIRED O' WAITIN'  
FER THAT PROTECTION MONEY YUH  
DWE 'IM! EITHER YUH  
PAY UP TONIGHT,

OR --

SURE, JUG -- **SURE!**  
I'VE GOT THE MONEY  
RIGHT HERE! BUT I'M  
GLAD YOU CALLED FOR IT,  
BECAUSE YOU CAN HELP ME  
OUT ON SOMETHING! YOU  
SEE, MY HOBBY IS  
**SPYGLASSES..**  
AND I'VE GOT TO ADJUST  
THIS NEW ONE  
I JUST GOT!



SO **YOU** JUST SIT RIGHT DOWN HERE,  
AND I'LL HAVE SOMEONE TO **FOCUS**  
**IT ON!** IT'LL ONLY TAKE A MINUTE,  
AND THEN I'LL GIVE YOU  
THE MONEY!



I DON'T GET IT,  
MACAULEY -- BUT **YOU**  
WILL IF THIS IS ONE  
O' YOUR TRICKS! DON'T  
TRY PULLIN' NOTHIN'  
SMART ON  
**ME!**



**AAAGHH! CHOKIN'...**  
CAN'T MOVE ... YUH  
TRICKED...





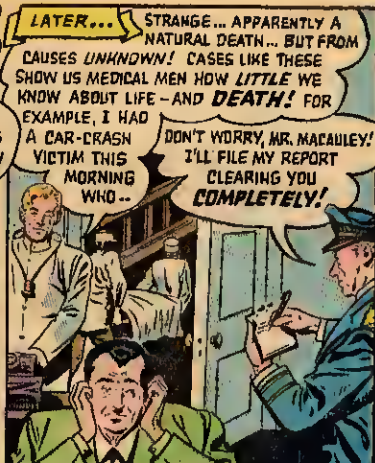


OHNNHHH...

IT IS THE SPYGLASS-- IT KNOCKED HIM OUT! AND IF I KEEP LOOKING AT HIM... WILL IT...?



STOPPED BREATHING --PULSE IS GONE --HE'S DEAD! IT TOOK LESS THAN HALF A MINUTE --AND THERE'S NOT A SUSPICIOUS MARK ON HIM! I'LL HAVE TO CALL AN AMBULANCE, BUT I'M IN THE CLEAR! THERE'S NOTHING TO SHOW FOUL PLAY!



LATER... STRANGE... APPARENTLY A NATURAL DEATH... BUT FROM CAUSES UNKNOWN! CASES LIKE THESE SHOW US MEDICAL MEN HOW LITTLE WE KNOW ABOUT LIFE -- AND DEATH! FOR EXAMPLE, I HAD A CAR-CRASH VICTIM THIS MORNING WHO --

DON'T WORRY, MR. MACAULEY! I'LL FILE MY REPORT CLEARING YOU COMPLETELY!



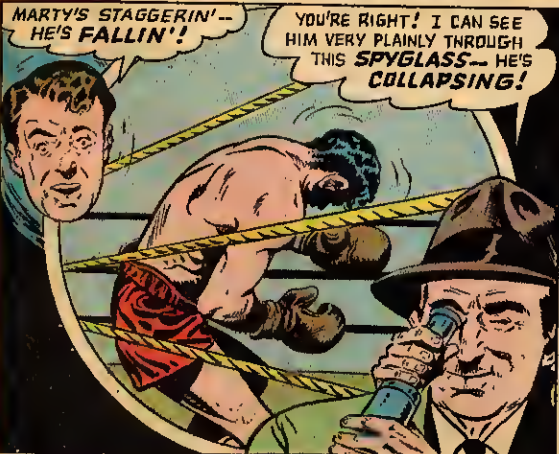
NEXT DAY-- POWER... POWER -- IT'S MINE-- ALL MINE! I'LL BE THE RICHEST MAN IN THE WORLD IN NO TIME AT ALL -- AND I KNOW JUST HOW TO START! I'LL GET AROUND TEN THOUSAND FOR THOSE JEWELS AND BET IT ALL ON DANNY GILMO -- HE'S A SIX-TO-ONE UNDERDOG IN HIS FIGHT WITH MARTY MORAN!



THE NIGHT OF THE FIGHT...

GILMO'S ON THE ROPES -- KNOCK HIM OUT, MARTY-BODY!

WELL, I GUESS IT'S TIME I GOT TO WORK!



MARTY'S STAGGERIN' -- HE'S FALLIN'!

YOU'RE RIGHT! I CAN SEE HIM VERY PLAINLY THROUGH THIS SPYGLASS -- HE'S COLLAPSING!



THE WINNAH-- DANNY GILMO!

IT WUZ A PHONY! MARTY TOOK A DIVE -- GILMO DIDN'T LAY A GLOVE ON 'IM!

NEXT  
DAY...

LAST NIGHT'S WINNINGS WERE JUST PEANUTS COMPARED TO WHAT I'LL WIN ON HUMDRUM NOW! HE'S AN 80-TO-ONE LONG SHOT -- AND I HAVE \$60,000 RIDING ON HIM -- SPREAD IN SMALL AMOUNTS WITH EVERY BOOKIE IN TOWN, SO NO ONE WILL GET SUSPICIOUS!

THEY'RE  
OFF!



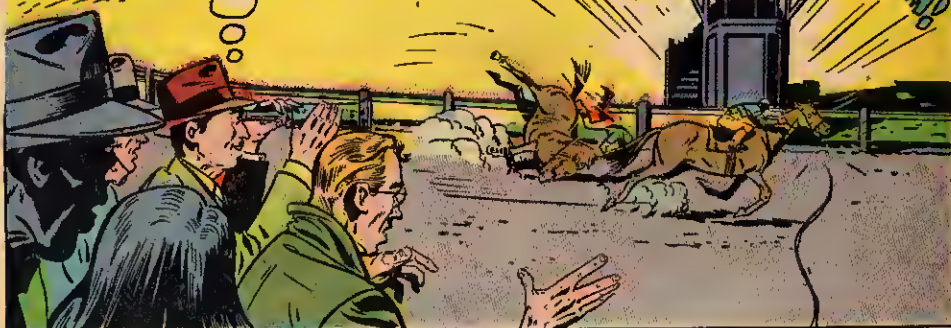
THIS'LL BE EASY -- ALL I HAVE TO DO IS LOOK AT THE HORSE THAT'S IN THE LEAD LONG ENOUGH TO MAKE IT FALTER OR STUMBLE -- AND DO THE SAME TO EVERY OTHER HORSE UNTIL HUMDRUM TAKES THE LEAD! -- AH, HERE'S THE FIRST --

FIREFLY'S  
STUMBLING  
-- HE'S  
GOING  
DOWN!



AH, I'M GETTING THE KNACK OF IT -- I LOOKED AT THE FIRST FEW TOO LONG! I JUST TOOK A COUPLE OF QUICK GLANCES AT THE OTHERS -- AND THEY FALTERED OR LOST STRIDE EACH TIME -- ENOUGH TO LET HUMDRUM --

THE WINNER: HUMDRUM!



WOW, YOU'RE PROBABLY THE ONLY ONE WHO HAD MONEY ON HUMDRUM -- AND I LOST MY SHIRT ON THAT RACE! I'VE NEVER SEEN ONE LIKE IT BEFORE -- WITH ALL THOSE FAVORITES FALLING LIKE FLIES!

STICK AROUND, BROTHER! YOU'LL BE SEEING PLENTY OF RACES LIKE THAT -- PLENTY!



AS TIME PASSED...

I'M A MILLIONAIRE NOW, AND IT'S ONLY THE BEGINNING! BUT I CAN'T SEEM TO KEEP MY MIND OFF THAT SCREWBALL WHO GAVE ME THE SPYGLASS -- WHAT IF HE COMES BACK? AM I BECOMING AFRAID OF HIM? NO, I CAN'T BE!



THERE -- THIS'LL PROVE I'M NOT AFRAID OF HIM! HAW -- I'LL HAVE A BIG LAUGH EVERY TIME I LOOK UP AT THAT FOOL'S FACE!





A MONTH LATER...

I'VE GOT MORE THAN ENOUGH NOW TO START BUYING UP

CONTROLLING INTERESTS IN THE BIGGEST CORPORATIONS IN THE COUNTRY! I'LL START WITH THE MUNITIONS INDUSTRIES -- THEY'LL COME IN HANDY IN CASE I WANT TO ESTABLISH MY OWN PRIVATE ARMY -- IF I CAN'T BUY MY WAY INTO BECOMING **PRESIDENT!**

GOOD EVENING! I HAVE COME TO PAY BACK THE LOAN-- AND TO COLLECT MY COLLATERAL!



HERE IS THE \$500, PLUS INTEREST! PLEASE-- MY PORTRAIT AND THE **SACRED GLASS!**

**YOU!** THE--THE **ODOR** WAS **LOCKED**-- HOW DID YOU GET IN HERE? I NEVER EXPECTED TO SEE **YOU** AGAIN!



AH, THE PORTRAIT-- I AM PLEASED YOU LIKED IT SO MUCH AS TO HANG IT IN YOUR ROOM-- AND NOW-- **MY SACRED GLASS!**

I'VE GOT TO THINK FAST! I CAN'T GET RID OF **HIM** BY LOOKING AT HIM THROUGH THE **SPYGLASS**-- HE PROBABLY KNOWS ITS SECRET! AND I CAN'T LET HIM RUIN MY PLANS JUST WHEN THEY'RE ABOUT TO MAKE ME THE **MOST POWERFUL MAN IN THE WORLD!** I'LL HAVE TO--



OH, YES, YOU MEAN THE **SPYGLASS** YOU LEFT WITH ME! I'VE GOT IT IN THE SAFE IN MY STORE -- I'LL DRIVE OVER WITH YOU AND GET IT!

**EXCELLENT!**



STAY RIGHT HERE WHILE I GET MY CAR! I'LL ONLY BE A MINUTE!

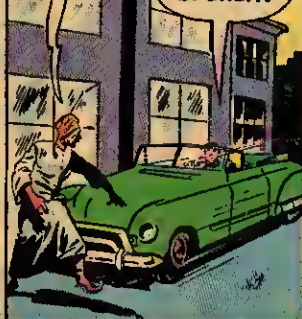
AS YOU WISH! I SHALL WAIT--



A MINUTE LATER...

**NO-- HELP!**

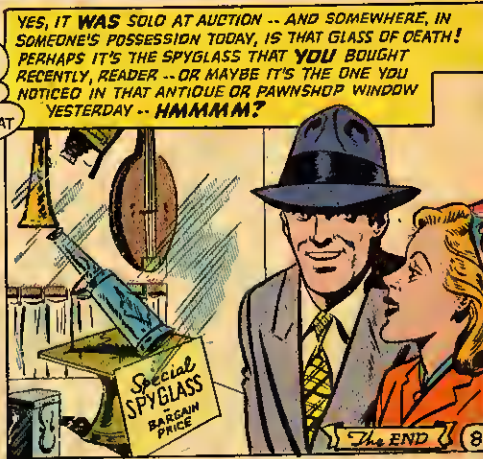
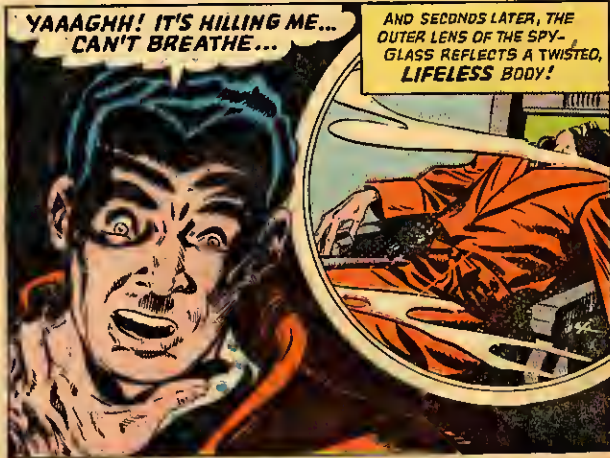
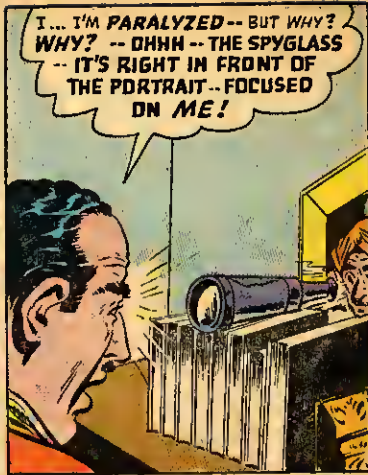
NO ONE CAN HELP YOU **NOW!** SO LONG, **SUCKER!**



TWENTY MINUTES LATER...

MY LAST WORRY IS OVER! I WIPED OUT ALL THE SIGNS OF THAT ACCIDENT FROM MY CAR -- THEY'LL NEVER TRACE HIS DEATH TO **ME!** AND NOW THE **SPYGLASS** IS MINE-- **FOR GOOD!** I'LL JUST LAY IT DOWN HERE SO THAT I CAN FEAST MY EYES ON IT WHILE I PLAN MY NEXT BIG DEAL!







**PAY LESS—GET THE BEST!** SENSATIONAL SAVINGS! YOUR MONEY REFUNDED IF YOU CAN BUY THEM FOR LESS!

LATEST STYLE LUXURY  
GENUINE FIBRE

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(on all make cars)

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**TYPE A**—Solid back for 4-door sedan...front or rear. Rear for coupe or coupe.

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1025 Broad St., Newark 2, N. J.**

Gentlemen: Kindly rush LUXURY Seat Covers on special 5-day Money-Back Inspection Offer.

Color \_\_\_\_\_ 2nd Color \_\_\_\_\_

☐ Full set front & back covers \$8.95. My car is a 19\_\_\_\_  
Make \_\_\_\_\_

☐ Front seat cover only, \$4.98. ☐ 2-door ☐ 4-door

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☐ On delivery I'll pay postman purchase price plus few cents postage and C.O.D. charges;

Name \_\_\_\_\_

Address \_\_\_\_\_

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(PLEASE PRINT)

☐ \$\_\_\_\_\_ purchase price enclosed. You pay postage.

**MONEY-BACK GUARANTEE**

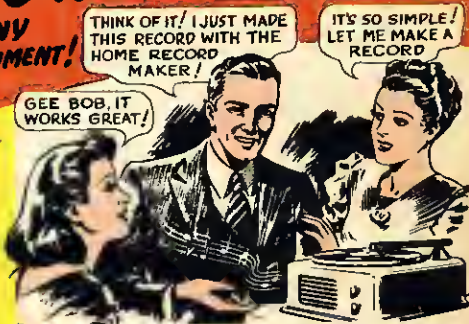
**With 5-Day FREE Trial**

# Make Your Own Records

**SING! TALK! ACT! PLAY ANY MUSICAL INSTRUMENT!**

**ENJOY MAKING RECORDS IN THE PRIVACY OF YOUR OWN HOME**

Now you can make records of your singing, talking, reciting, or instrument playing right in your own home! No longer need the high price of recording machines or studio facilities prevent you or your family from hearing their own voice or playing. *No Experience Necessary.* Set up the **NEW HOME RECORD MAKER**, play, talk, or sing, and immediately you have a record which you and your friends can enjoy.



**MAKE YOUR OWN RECORDS at HOME**



**IT'S AMAZINGLY SIMPLE!**

Make records right in your own home by just singing, talking, acting, or playing a musical instrument into your own record player using a **NEW HOME RECORD MAKING UNIT**. This wonderful little unit records on the blank records furnished with your recording kit. No processing of the record required... just make your recording and it is immediately ready for playback. **USE THE NEW HOME RECORD MAKER** with most any standard record player—hand winding, portable, radio-phonograph combination or electrical phonographs operating on either AC or DC.



**SING**



**PLAY**



**GREETINGS**



**RADIO PROGRAMS**



**BABY'S VOICE**

**PLAYS BACK AT ONCE**

Record jokes, imitations, voices and instruments — and play for happy, happy memories. You can play new record at once! Give yourself, your family and friends a thrill! Records can be played back on ANY phonograph.

**SING • PLAY • TALK**

Have lots of fun! Record voices of seldom-seen but well-loved friends and dear ones. Make greeting records — Birthday, Anniversary Greetings for your loved ones.

**EASY AS SPEAKING INTO A PHONE**

Use your **NEW HOME RECORD MAKER** anytime and perform as comfortably as you'd talk on the telephone. Needs no special "recording technique." *No experience necessary.*

Amazing  
Low Price  
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COMPLETE

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You don't have to send a cent. Just fill in coupon and mail today to get your complete **NEW HOME RECORD MAKER**. Send C.O.D. for only \$4.98 plus postage and C.O.D. ... or send check or money order for \$4.98 and we pay postage.

Additional blank records \$2.00 per dozen (24 sides)

**What is the Recordograph?**

The recordograph is an acoustical device for making home recordings to be used with a record player or turn-table.

**WHAT DO I GET?**

You get the complete unit needed to make recordings at home. Acoustical recording head, special recording needles, 2 two-sided records (enough for 4 recordings), spiral feeding attachment and complete easy to follow directions.



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Send entire **RECORD MAKING OUTFIT**, including 2 blank two-sided records.

- ☐ Send C.O.D. I will pay postman \$4.98 plus postage.  
☐ Send additional blank records at \$2 per dozen.

Name

Address

City, Zone, State

- ☐ I enclose \$4.98, send complete outfit postpaid.